FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Bright red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin
A cold, gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hill-side than red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae?

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness?
He has told his hard fortune, no more he can stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
He joins the brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

He fought in Cremona—she hears of his story;
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory;
Yet sadly she sings *Siubhail a ruin** all the day,
"Oh! come, come, my darling, come home to Finae."

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
Her *reel*, and her *rock*, and her *flax* see has parted;
She sails with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging—
Before him, the Sacsanach squadrons enlarging—
Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

On the slopes of La Judoingne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squdrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array;
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale, weeping maiden is praying;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.

——*Shule aroon.

DRINKING ON THE ATLANTIC.—A gentleman well known to us (*Atlantic News*), who has recently crossed the Atlantic in one of the first-class steamers, sends us the following:—Allow me to lay before the public a brief statement of facts which came under my own knowledge during a voyage from New York to Liverpool, on board of one of the largest steamships on that route. When I went on board at New York, I found to my surprise that some of the officers and seamen were the worse for drink, and that several were intoxicated. And I was informed that the same crew came on board the same ship at Liverpool, after the time she should have sailed, and that most of them were drunk. I also found that drink was sold at a bar on the ship, and from time to time might be seen some of the steerage passengers drunk; and I frequently saw the sailors and petty officers taking drink furnished them through the passengers. Even the saloon passengers were little better, as I saw, than the others. A minister of the Gospel on board was drunk, and not once, but several times, so as to be unable to walk. The drinking and drunkenness grew so public and objectionable that I went and saw the commander of the ship, and gave him evidence of what was taking place. The result was to limit the time the bar was open to one-half, and to restrict the supply furnished to each person wanting drink. The effect was to improve the state of things greatly during the last few days of the voyage. I would state that we had over 800 human beings on board, at the mercy of the officers and crew; and from what I saw it does not seem difficult to account for the loss of life and ships at sea, if these drinking practices are allowed.

A LADY undertook to chase the flies out of her room the other day with a towel pin, when her husband, darting carelessly in, received a whack on the head which could be heard all over the house. Upon recovering his senses he gazed on her with a look of mingled pain and melancholy, only to remark: "I even wish that you were dead."

IRISH NEWS.

THE labors of the several sections of the British Association were commenced on the 20th ult., at 11 o'clock, in the rooms which had been provided for the purpose. Four of the sections met in the Queen's College, two in the Methodist College, and one in the Presbyterian College. The attendance of the public was very large, especially during the delivery of the inaugural addresses of the several presidents of sections. In the evening a soiree and conversazione was held in the Ulster Hall. The hall was brilliantly lighted and decked out in the richest colors. The walls were ornamented with massive mirrors, and on the platform was placed an array of the choicest flowers, which lent an appearance of richness to the scene. With this, coupled with the numerous and fair assemblege which thronged the room, and you will have probably one of the greatest sights ever witnessed in the Ulster Hall. The balconies were all crowded to excess. The Minor Hall was set apart as a refreshment room. During the evening Mr. Smythe, Mus. Bac., presided at the grand organ and played some select airs. The party showed signs of dispersing at about eleven o'clock.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Cork and Macroom Railway Company was held on the 22ult., at the offices, South Mall, Mr. J.H. Paynet presiding. The report of the Directors stated that there had been a falling off in traffic as compared with the corresponding period last year of £760—by far the larger proportion being in goods and cattle. This they attributed to the general depression in trade, which they believed would be only temporary.

AT Dublin a laborer named Lawrence Hackett, was charged with having in the city of Newark, New Jersey, U. S., attempted to murder in July 1874, a man named Goldfinger, by striking him on the head with a hammer. Two detectives from Newark having given evidence prisoner's attorney submitted there was no proof, as required by the second section of the order in Council, arranging between two countries for the surrender of fugitive prisoners, proved. The magistrates agreeing, accused was discharged, and on leaving the court, was rearrested.

THE town of Wexford was lately the scene of the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society. The affair was, from the promoter's point of view, moderately successful, and the Duke of Abercorn made it the occasion of his first formal appearance in public since his resumption of the Viceroyalty. He delivered the usual "prosperity speech," at the banquet, at which Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Carew, Mr. W. A. Redmond, M. P., and other gentlemen spoke.

David Dripps, sentenced to death at the last Derry Assizes, for the murder of his wife by poisoning has been reprieved. The death sentence is commuttd to penal servitude for life. The citizens express great satisfaction at the result of their memorial in favor of this convict, being anxious to have the city spared the disgrace of the execution.

ON Thursday, the 13th ult., the Marquis of Waterford was presented with an address, and was entertained at a luncheon by the citizens of Waterford, in commemoration of his recent marriage, At the banquet, at which the Mayor presided, there spoke amongst others, Major O'Gorman, M. P., who described Lord Waterford as the best landlord in Ireland.

Two men named Cravan and Toole were on the 23d charged with the manslaughter of an old man named Tracey. The prisoners were engaged in the establishment of Messrs. D'Arcy brewers, and the allegation against them was that they assaulted deceased, inflicting injuries from which he died. Toole was committed for trial and Cravan was discharged.

AT a meeting of the Cork Harbor Board on the 26th ult., the engineer (Mr. Barry) reported strongly in favor of the construction of a deep water qnay by the extension eastwards of the Victoria Quay, carving a large slice off the present Marina Promenade, and considerably widening and strengthening the channel. The actual cost, he estimated, would be about £29 14s. per foot, which would be a very low price compared with the cost of deep quays built in other parts. For present extension he expressed a decided preference for deep water quayage above a deck or tidal basin, which would be considerably more expensive, and would be subject to the inconvenience of the rise and fall of tides like deep water quays. The Board received the report very cordially, and a Committee was appointed to negotiate with the Corporation (who have the jurisdiction of the Marina) for permission to convert such portion of it as might be required in quayage.

A large illuminated clock is to be placed on the summit of the grand portico of Trinity College. The clock will be seen from Grafton street, Westmoreland street, College Green, and Dame street, by the general public. A second dial will be placed inside in the Library square for the benefit of the students. The clock will exhibit the true Dulbin time, as calculated daily by the Astronomer Royal.

The following Irish pension districts are to be abolished, the staff officers having been already removed:—Carlow, Cavan, Ennis, Galway, Kilkenny, Longford, Omagh, Sligo, and Tralee.

James Stuart Tighe, of Rosanna, Ashford, Esq., had been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wicklow.

Thomas Bartholemew Porter, nineteen years of age, clerk to Messrs Watson, solicitors, was lately sent to prison for four months for embezzling £175, the property of his employers. The youth had only been married on the previous Wednesday, and was apprehended next morning at Tynemouth. The prisoner said he had spent the money in betting.

AT the Cork police Office, on the 26th ult,, J. Corkery was returned for trial on a charge of being the writer of a threatening letter to a Miss Buckley, Douglas road, ornamented at top with a drawing of a coffin, and threatening to murder her if she did not pay some money that was due Corkery.

THE solemn blessing of the new altar of the Catholic church, at Naul, took place on the 22d ult., in the presence of a large congregation. Cardinal Cullen presided at the ceremony, and preached at the sermon.

THE case of Mr. Henry Parnell Bloomfield (who is charged with shooting at his own housekeeper) was for the second time before the magistrates at Maryborough' on the 19th ult., but the case was again postponed, in consequence of Mr. Bloomfield's absence, which it was, alleged, was owing to his having broken his arm a few days before. Mrs. Delahoyd, the prosecutrix said she wished to be discharged from Mr. Bloomfield's and paid her wages, and to have nothing more to do with the case, but one of the magistrates said she had brought a serious charge which should be proved or disproved.

THE extensive porter stores belonging to Sir A. Guiness, Bart., at Shannon Harbor, have been totally destroyed by fire, as well as several tons of hay and a valuable horse. A workman who slept on the premises had a providential escape, but the poor man was seriously injured. The constabulary did good service in bringing the flames under, but notwithstanding their efforts the entire premises are in ruins.

A fresh correspondence has arisen between the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, of Callan, and the Local Government Board in respect of the Callan workhouse, In a letter dated the 14th ult., and beginning "Men." the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe complains that he was, by the Master, refused admission to the workhouse chapel for the purpose of hearing the confession of a pauper female, and that he was required to hear the confession. The Local Government Board replied that they are not aware upon what ground he claims to have the use of the workhouse chapel.

On the 22d ult., as a young man named Michael Jones, who lived near Donamon, Roscommon, was proceeding to the merrymaking which usually takes place on the Sunday preceding the fair of Ballintubber, he was thrown from his horse and almost instantly killed.

THE footpaths in Athlone are being laid in asphalte.

AT the last monthly meeting of the Governors of the Mullingar Disrrict Lunatic Asylum, Dr. Gabriel Stokes was elected visiting physicians to the institution by nine votes against five recorded for Dr. Vandeleur Kelly.

George Sandes, of Greenville, Listowel, Esq., has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Kerry.

The parishioners of Bannow have erected a beautiful monument in the Catholic church at Carrig-Bannow, in memory of their venerable parish priest, the Very Rev. P. Corish, Chancellor of Ferns.

It is announced that the Board of Works are considering the question of the transfer of the the public property in the Harbor Commissioners' yard at Kingstown, to the Town Commissioners, for the purpose of erecting a Town Hall and that a loan of £10,000 for the proposed erection is to be sought from the government on the security of the rates.

DURING the recent stay of the Clare consabulary contingent on duty in Belfast, one of them, a previously well conducted man, from the Kilrush district, was dismissed the force for having used some expressions of an objectionable character in reference to the Orange anniversaries, and another, stationed at Quin, near Ennis, was transferred from thence to Tyrone, for some trivial offence.

THE prices of cattle in Kerry are down to an extent that is discouraging to farmers. Cattle purchased last winter will not now realize the same paid for them. Still the price of flesh meat is almost as high as it was last Spring.

THE Home Rulers of Tralee are resolved not to be taken by surprise at the next election. Several who were negligent in getting themselves registered before, have put forward their claims for the October sessions. Mr. W. T. Nelligan, one of the solicitors for the O'Donoghue at the recent election, has served over thirty notices of objection to parties who claim the franchise.

IN the neighborhood of Listowel, County Kerry, a man named Looney is said to have allowed his ardor to overcome his better judgment. He is accused of having endeavored to induce one Edward Carr, a farmer, to shoot his landlord. The magistrates have accordingly sent him for trial, and the landlord has not been shot. The prisoner's plea was that he himself was under the influence of drink on the occasion in question, and did not rightly know what he was saying. It appeared from inquiries made into the antecedents of the prisoner that he was a person of good character.

EASTERN NEWS.

THE granite mills at Fall River Mass., were burned down on the 18th. The loss in machinery and goods exceeds $300,000. Twenty lives were lost, and 36 persons were seriously injured.

AUGUSTA. (Ga.), September 20.—It was learned this afternoon that about 400 negroes, headed by a man named Tennant, intended to attack whites in Edgefield County, S. C., the provocation being that unknown parties had fired on Tennant's House. A party was organized here to go to the aid of the whites. but a courier brought word that the negroes had dispersed and that Tennant had been arrested.

WAVERLY, September 20.—Cosgrove, one of the Wellsboro bank robbers, was arrested here this morning, Thirteen thousand dollars in bonds were found in his possession. The Cashier of the bank was also found in his house.

WASHINGTON, Sept, 19.—General Emory today officially notified Attorney-General Williams that Governor Kellogg had been reinstated, and that the city of New Orleans is quiet.

TWIN MOUNTAIN (N. H.), September, 20.—Mr. Beecher preached his last sermon for the season to-day to a much smaller congregation than usual, no excursion trains having been run to convey hearers. He preached an hour and ten minutes taking his text from the 1st verse of the 18th chapter of Matthew, "Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" Not the slightest allusion was made to any personal difficulties.

CARROLTON (Ky.), Sept, 20.—A fire broke out this morning and destroyed one half of the most valuable portion of the city,

CINCINNATI, Sept, 20.—The Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad machine shops, with a roundhouse and locomotive, are reported destroyed at Parkersburgh, West Virginia. The loss cannot be less than $20,000,

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept, 20.—Yesterday morning, a man named Salmond registered his name at the Clifton House and hired a hackman to drive him to Table Rock. Upon his arrival there he handed the driver a card with his address, gave him two dollars, and a letter addressed to a banker at Brantford, Ontario, and suddenly walked into the rapids and was carried.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept, 21.—General Longstreet, Commander-in-Chief of Kelloggs Army, says the State House and arsenals were surrendered for want of ammunition to defend them, and places the responsibility on Attorney General Field, who enjoined the military appropriations made by the last Legislature,

THE Conference Committee, that has been holding daily sessions since Thursday last, had their final interview on the 21st. The object of the Conference was to arrange for a joint supervision and control of the machinery of the November election. Everything apparently progressed satisfactorily until the question of the composition if the Returning Board was reached This Board, which is the key to the whole election scheme, consists of five members, elected by the last Senate. The law provides that vacancies shall be filled by remaining members of the Board. The McEneryites proposed that three vacancies should be created to be filled by them, and the other to be filled by the joint action of the parties, who should select some gentleman of irreproachable character, without regard to his party connections. This proposition was positively declined by the Republican Committee, and the Conference Committee finally adjourned without result,

WASHINGTON, September 21.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office decided September 18th, that the Rancho Los Prietos y Naja Laqyga,, in Santa Barbara County, Cal., confirmed to Jose Domingues by act of June 12. 1866, shall be limited to 11 square leagues, to be selected in a compact form north of Santa Barbara range of mountains.

NEW YORK, Sept, 21.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Irish Rifle Team will be given an excursion by the city authorities on Thursday, and a public reception at the City Hall. Representative men of Brooklyn have tendered them a public dinner.

WASHINGTON, Sept, 21.—The State Department to-day paid to the British Charge d Affaires, Watson, and Mr, Howard, agent appointed by the British Government, $1,929,819, in gold less two and a half per cent, allowed for expenses, being the amount of awards to British claimants by the mixed commission under the Washington Treaty of 1873.

TOPEKA, Sept. 21—Information from the scene of operations against the Indians on the southwest, is to the effect that the train of supplies corralled by the Indians on the Washita was released by force from camp supply on the 14th, and in continuing its journey south was met by General Miles command, which went into camp about 100 niles south. The Canadian River Indians are moving south, and are apparently trying to avoid a general engagement.

Little Rock, September 21.—A Hot Springs dispatch says the posse in pursuit of the stage robbers have chased them into the mountains. The robbers are entirely surrounded, and their horses exhausted.

PITTSBURGH, September 21.—The loss by the burning of five houses and by three spans of bridge in Sawmill Run this morning, is $40,000; insurance $4,000 on buildings.

FOREIGN NEWS.

VIENNA, Sept, 19.—The *New Free Press* says the expulsion of Danish sympathizers from Schleswig, is attributable to a design of Bismarck to force Denmark to enter the German Federation. Bismark (says the *Press*) proposed to King Christian that he should enter the Bund with his whole kingdom; Germany was then to cede the whole of Schleswig to Denmark; and guarantee the integrity of Denmark; that the Danish fleet should become an integral part of the German fleet, and German ports be established in Danish colonies; but King Christian declined to accept the proposal.

LONDON, Sept 20.–Advices from RioJaneiro state that the Emperor, in his speech upon the closing of the Chambers on the 12th instant, congratulated the country on its satistactory relations with foreign powers and declared that his Government would endeavor to promote agriculture by an extension of the railway system. Most important measures would be presented at the next session, looking to electoral and educational reform, and in aid of agricultural interests.

KINGSTON (Jamaica), Sept, 20.—The smallpox is abating. The number of cases has been reduced from 800 to 200.

KIEL. Sept, 20.—Emperor William was present at the launch of the new iron-clad to-day and christened her *Frederick the Great*. The Emperor received a congratulatory address from twenty delegates from Schleswig Holstein.

LONDON, Sept, 19.—It is rumored that the French Government is endeavoring to induce the Bey of Tunis to rectify the boundary between Algeria and Tunis, and is erecting forts on the coverted territory. England and Germany, it is also said, will protest.

VIENNA, Sept, 19,—Commissioners from the United States are on their way to inspect the improvements in the navigation of the Danube.

ASPINWALL, Sept 12.—A serious riot, attended with bloodshed took place here this afternoon about half past 4 o'clock between the Italians in the employ of the P. M. S, Company and the troops on duty. It appears that one of the soldiers unarmed, was on the wharf and and was chased off by some of the Italians who threw stones at him. Arriving at his quarters the soldier reported the case, when an officer and six men went at once to the wharf to arrest those who made the assault. On reaching the gate one of the Italians fired two shots at the troops without result, when a volley was fired in return which mortally wounded one of the Italians and seriously wounded a negro. The excitement was intense and additional troops were sent for to keep the peace. The California passengers who arrived just after the occurrence were placed safely on board the steamer *Ocapulco*. That no more were harmed is wonderful, as the volley was fired just outside the gate and directly up the wharf. Mr. Corwine, United States Commercial Agent, Commodore Gray and Superintendant Thomson were just outside the line of fire and the wharf was filled with laborers. Matters are quiet now.

COPENHAGAN. September 21.–The Government directs its envoy at Berlin to ask from the German Government an explanation with regard to the expulsion of Danish subjects from Schleswig.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 21.—The Government has addressed a note to the German Government hoping that the difference existing between them on the Spanish question will not impair their friendship for each other. A cordial reply has been received from Germany, assuring the Russian Government that its friendship remains unaltered.

LONDON, Sept, 21.—A dispatch from Madrid states that Fredrick Deckery, the American arrested in Cuba by the Spaniards, and afterwards sent to Spain, has reached Santandar, where he is now cruelly incarcerated.

PARIS, Sept, 22.—Elections to fill vacancies in the National Assembly have been ordered for October 18th,

Excitement over the approaching elections for the Council-General in Corsica causes much disorder. The authorities have been obliged to intervene, to prevent collisions between the supporters of Prince Napoleon and M. Pietri, opposition Bonapartist candidates.

London, Sept, 23.—The Empress of Russia is expected to arrive in England October 15th, on a visit to her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh.

LONDON, September, 22.—Holland, Conservative, is returned to Parliament from Midhurst. Arnold, proprietor of the London *Echo*, will contest Northampton in the Liberal contest.

LONDON Sept, 22.—The Newcastle Chamber of Commerce has adopted resolutions condemning the Canadian reciprocity treaty, as prejudicial to British industry.

The Military College Association celebrated the aniversary on the 8th inst., commemorating the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. The President, Cabinet ministers, and other distinguished persons participated in the proceedings.

BERNE, September 22.—The American delegates to the international Postal Congress have arrived.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA.

1702.

(BY THOMAS DAVIS.)

From Milan to Cremona Duke Villeroy rode,
And *soft* are the beds in his princely abode;
In billet and barrack the garrison sleep,
And loose is the watch which the sentinals keep;
'Tis the eve of St. David, and bitter the breeze
Of that mid-winter night on the flat Cremonese;
A fig for precaution!—Prince Eugene sits down
In winter cantonments round Mantua town!

Yet through Ustiano, and out on the plain,
Horse, foot, and dragoon, are defiling amain.
"That flash!" said Prince Eugene; "Count Merci, push on"—
Like a rock from a precipice Merci is gone.
Proud mutters the Prince: "That is Cassioli's sign:
Ere the dawn of the morning Cremona 'll be mine;
For Merci will open the gate of the Po,
But scant is the mercy Prince Vaudemont will shew!"

Through gate, street, and square, with his keen cavaliers—
A flood through a gully—Count Merci careers—
They ride without getting or giving a blow,
Nor halt till they gaze on the gate of the Po.
"Surrender the gate!"—but a volley replied,
For a handful of Irish are posted inside.
By my faith, Charles Vaudemont will come rather late,
If he stay till Count Merci shall open the gate;

But through St. Margaret's the Austrians pour,
And billet and barrack are ruddy with gore;
Unarmed and naked, the soldiers are slain—
There's an enemy's gauntlet on Villeroy's rein—
"A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse—
Release me, MacDonnell!"—they hold on their course.
Count Merci has seized upon cannon and wall,
Prince Eugene's head-quarters are in the Town-hall!

Here and there, through the city, some readier band,
For honor and safety, undauntedly stand.
At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Burke
Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.
His sabre is flashing—the major is dress'd,
But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest!
Yet they rush to the ramparts, the clocks have tolled ten,
And Count Merci retreats with the half of his men.

"In on them!" said Friedberg—and Dillon is broke,
Like forest-flowers crushed by the fall of the oak;
Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go;—
But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow.
Upon them with grapple, with bay'net, and ball,
Like wolves upon gaze-hounds, the Irishmen fall—
Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel,
And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

Oh! hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene?
In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succor you lean!
The bridge has been broken, and, mark! how, pell-mell,
Come riderless horses, and volley, and yell!—
He's a veteran soldier—he clenches his hands,
He springs on his horse, disengages his bands—
He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,
He is chased through the gates by the Irish Brigade.

News, news, in Vienna!—King Leopold's sad.
News, news, in St. James's!—King William is mad.
News, news, in Versailles!—"Let the Irish Brigade
Be loyally honored, and royally paid."
News, news, in old Ireland!—high rises her pride,
And high sounds her wail for her children who died,
And deep is her prayer: "God send I may see
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me!"

WIT AND WISDOM.

A COCKNEY asserts that his landlady has practiced cremation for some time. All of her boarders, he says, are reduced to hashes every morning.

A YOUNG man advertizes for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection to go a short distance into the country.

SOME one says a book is your best friend, because you can shut them up at any time without giving offence.

THE *Boston Post* has credit for the last liquid remedy for baldness, as follows: "Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and then take it internally to clinch the roots."

ONE evening, at a Paris *cafe*, a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried 'Long live anybody'" "Quite so," remarked another; "but then you are a doctor."

"MARY, where's the frying-pan?" "Jemmy's got it, carting mud and clam shells up the alley, with a cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow, what a genius he will make; but get it, we're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

ILLUSTRATION OF "MANIFEST DESTINY."—"Ah!" said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map: it grows so fast that the surveyors can't keep up with it."

IT is related of a country gentleman of rather convivial habits, that one night when returning home rather the worse for his liberal potations, he became impressed with the idea that a small field in which he found himself was his own bedroom. He proceeded to undress, but first carefully opened the gate, and put out his boots to be blacked in the morning.

THE PARSON NONPLUSSED.—A minister approaching a mischievous urchin, about twelve years old, and laying his hand calmly upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." I believe he has, too," was the significant reply.

AS a lady was walking on Washington street, Boston, a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties separated. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, good humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, sir," was the good-humored reply.

A FARMER cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was sent from court to court. Time was wasted, temper soured, and temper lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last heard of the transaction was that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs. Then, houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and triumphantly exclaimed "I've beat him."

Paltry Quarrels.

There is nothing more odious than the miserable wrangling which occasionably is to be noted in provincial parts. It is the duty of every man who loves the country, to do all he can to quell the quarrels, and to quench the vile spirit.

The nuisances are of two kinds. One arises from what are called "faction-fighting," the other "party" strife. There is nothing to to choose between them. Both are alike contemptible, both alike abominable.

The former prevailed in the South, the latter in the North. Prevailed, we say—for happily, the pest is almost clean swept out of the country. Unfortunately, 'tis not quite expelled, and we find some wicked life still manifested, in the wretched remnant that survive the nation's anathema.

We still hear of "Three year olds" and "Four year olds," on the borders of Limerick, and we regret it. For many years, faction-fighting has been almost, if not quite extinct. For many years, Irishmen showed that they had other thoughts than the uplifting of hands against their brother Irishmen. Old quarrels, small unneighbourly feuds, thoughtless and reckless demonstrations were put away, in the absorbing interest as to the country's fate. If now the petty factions show themselves again, we trust it shall not be for long. We urge upon every Nationalist in the localities threatened by any revival of them to stand firm against them, to teach the misguided better thoughts, and to repress as much as he possibly can demonstrations which would work shame and injury to Ireland.

With regard to Ulster parties, we give the same advice. Every man who professes to desire Home Rule for our country must see that a ready, though fallacious, weapon is put into the hands of our foes by party-fights. Therefore, they must be steadfastly opposed. We are not, we have never been advocates for servile weakness. We woud not, if we could, allow one party to trample on another, or to triumph over another. That is not the conduct of good citizens. That is not the conduct of civilized Christians. 'Tis the manifestation of barbarism, the action of savages.

There has always been an unholy laxity on the part of the Government in putting an end to this faction and party fighting. Sergeant HOWLEY usod to relate that the magistrates encouraged faction fighting in Tipperary, in order to sow division amongst peasantry. WELLESLEY was impartial and put down much evil display, for which he was assailed "with intent to assassinate," by certain of the Orange body. From his Viceroyalty until Abercorn's first, there was no effort made to repress manfully this curse. Clarendon (a Whig) encouraged it, for he armed one faction. Carlisle never effectively discountenanced it. It was reserved for Abercorn to put the law in action against a ringleader, but with that effort the law expired.

We do not want, for we do not like, laws against processions. The people ought to be able to do without them. They ought to be able to keep the peace, in spite of provocations, and resort, if need be, to the measures which the law puts into their hands for their self protection.

This is our strenuous advice. We are, however, compelled to confess that in order that this counsel should bear fruit the people need to have confidence in the impartial administration of law. Hence, any administration which really wishes to put an end to these wretched squabbles should see to it that the law be administered with a firm and equal hand, between all parties concerned.

For these reasons, in order to hasten the coming of peace, we call attention to a statement made in a Northern paper, in which names are given. The account is elaborate, and seems soberly stated—assuming it to be true in its main features, there is certainly reason given why an investigation should be held into the facts, and into the conducts of the magistrate. It is possible that he has been wrongly accused, and we should hope so—nevertheless, the accusation is such that, if backed up by testimony, deserves notice, for to charge down a multitude, without previously reading the Riot Act, is an outrage not to be borne with.

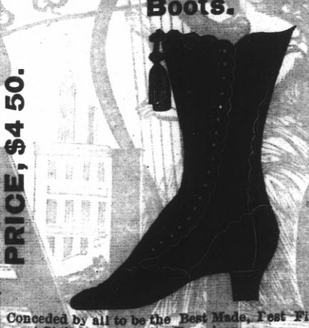
It appears, from the opening of the account, that military and police were drawn up so as to prevent the entrance of a procession on Lady Day. This would, if the Orange processionists had been equally prevented. But it is said that such was not the case; and surely—unless it be resolved henceforth to stop all—it is calculated to raise very angry passions to see a discrimination made.

"When the military and police had been drawn up," says the narrator, "in a few minutes a Catholic procession, with banners and fifes and drums, from the direction of Moy and Blackwater, advanced over Bondbrook Hill, and when they approached they were refused permission to pass by order of Mr. Lochrane, who was present. They proclaimed their rights, and demanded the same freedom that had been accorded to the Orangemen. They did so in neither violent or threatening language, but were sternly refused by the bayonets of the police being leveled to the charge. After some expostulation, they were about to retire, when suddenly I heard the order given to the left subdivision of the constabulary to fall back, and, almost in the same breath, the dragoons were ordered to charge. They did so instantly, eight abreast, on a dense crowd of boys, women, and children, covering the street from wall to wall; and, when they had reached the brow of the hill, they wheeled and dashed through the crowd again. How the mingled mass escaped is wonderful. But what will the public think of Mr. Ferdinand Lochrane, J. P., when they are informed that he gave no warning to the throng before him, most of whom did not belong to the procession, but were inhabitants of the street in which they stood; when they are told that it was after the people were ridden down by a double charge of dragoons, that he took the Riot Act out of his pocket and commenced to read it, being informed, I presume, by the sub-Inspector, of his grievous error? But the reading of the Riot Act was utterly uncalled for. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the conduct of the people necessitating recourse to such an extreme step—and, besides, the constabulary present would have been easily able under any circumstances, to have preserved the peace."

If the facts be found as stated it is manifest that an inquiry is required. We are not unwilling to see force used to repress these paltry quarrels, if force be necessary. We would quell them with the strong hand, if reason fail. Let us be assured of impartiality and half our victory is won,—[Dublin Irishman.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

New Style of Ladies' Button Boots.



PRICE, $4 50. NEW STYLE OF PATENT BACK STRAP NEVER WEARS OUT.

Conceded by all to be the Best Made, Best Fitting and most Stylish made in San Francisco.

NOLAN BROS.
11 THIRD STREET,
Will Sell for the next Thirty Days:

$2 Kid Fox Boots, Ladies', for	$1 25
$2 50 Scalloped Vamp Boots, Ladies', for	1 75
$3 Full Scalloped Boots, Ladies', for	2 00
$2 Cloth Congress Boots, Ladies', for	1 25
$4 K. F. Buttoned Boots, Ladies', for	3 00
$1 50 Kid Slipper, Ladies', for	1 00
$3 50 White Kid Slipper, Ladies', for	2 50
$3 French Kid Slipper, Ladies', for	1 50
$8 French Kid Buttoned, Ladies', for	6 00
$6 French Kid Lace, Ladies', for	4 50
$5 Peb Goat Buttoned, Ladies', for	3 50
$4 French Kid buttoned Oxford, Ladies', for	3 00
$1 50 Cloth Slipper, Ladies,' for	75
$1 Goat Slipper, Ladies', for	50
$4 Glove Kid Congress, Ladies', for	2 50
$3 Kid Fox Congress, Ladies', for	2 00
$5 Full Scalloped Buttoned Boots, Ladies', for	3 50
$3 Scalloped Top Calf Boots, Ladies', for	2 00
$2 Calf Shoes, Misses, for	1 50
$1 50 Kid Slippers, Misses, for	1 00
$2 50 Full Scalloped Goat, Misses, for	1 50
$3 50 Peb Goat, Buttoned, Misses, for	2 50
$1 Cloth Slippers, Misses, for	50
$1 75 Calf Shoes, Children, for	1 25
$5 Box Toe Gaiters, Gents, for	3 50
$7 Alexis Ties, Gents, for	5 00
$4 French Calf Boots, Gents, for	3 00
$3 50 Sewed Congress Gaiter, Gents, for	2 50
$4 Alexis Ties, Boys, for	2 00

We are determined to close out twenty thousand dollars worth of Boots and Shoes during this month, and sacrifices may be looked for. The public and our customers shall have the benefit. Bargains for the million at NOLAN BROS., No. 11 Third street, first shoe store from Market. au15tf

WILLIAM O'CONNELL,
FASHIONABLE
Boot Maker.
818 HOWARD STREET, (Irish-American Hall)
SAN FRANCISCO. jy4-tf

John Leddy,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
123 FOURTH ST., (nenr Minna.)

Men's Boots	from $2 50 to $4 00
Men's Boots (best quality)	from 5 50 to 8 00
Boys and Youth's Boots,	from 1 50 to 3 50
Ladies' Gaiters	from 1 00 to 1 75
Misses' Gaiters	from 75 to 1 50
Misses' Balmorals	from 1 00 to 2 25
Children's French Calf	from 1 25 to 1 50
Children's French Goat	from 1 00 to 1 50

☞ ALL OF MY OWN MAKE.
fe21tf

Thomas Healy,
Fashionable
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
677 Mission Street, (near Third.)
Repairingneatlydone. jly 19tf-

A. M'NAMARA,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in Extra Quality
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 12, 5th Street, Near Market,
Under Winsor House and Opposite Lincoln School.
San Francisco. je20tf

BANKING AND REAL ESTATE.

HIBERNIA SAVINGS
....AND....
Loan Society.
OFFICE—Northeast corner of Montgomery and Market streets.
OFFICERS:
President.....M. D. SWEENY
Vice-President.....C. D. O'SULLIVAN
TRUSTEES:
M. D. SWEENY, M. J. O'CONNOR,
C. D. O'SULLIVAN, P. McARAN,
JOHN SULLIVAN, GUSTAVE TOUCHARD,
R. J. TOBIN, JOS. A. DONAHOE,
PETER DONAHOE,
Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office, or any reliable banking house; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit. A proper pass book will be delivered to the Agent by whom the deposit is made.
Deposits received from $2 50 upwards.
OFFICE HOURS—From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. jy4-tf

SAN RAFAEL
Livery and Sale Stables,
FOURTH STREET, SAN RAFAEL.
M. GILLIGAN, - - Proprietor.
Saddle Horses, Carriages and Buggies furnished at short notice and on reasonable terms. jly 12-tf

Z. H. CUNNINGHAM,
BLACKSMITHS, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKERS.
JOBBING of every description executed with dispatch in a workmanlike manner.
Nos. 654, 656 & 658 Howard st., near Third, San Francisco jy4-tf

DAVID KANARY,
City Stables,
No. 332 BUSH STREET.
HORSES, CARRIAGES AND SADDLE HORSES TO Let. Horses Boarded. Stock Bought and Sold. sep19-3m

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

JOHN C. MORRISON, JR.,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
Fine Wines
—AND—
LIQUORS,
316 Sacramento street,
—AND—
321 Commercial street,
BETWEEN FRONT AND BATTERY STS.,
SAN FRANCISCO. jy4tf

JAMES DALY. H. WARD.
DALY & WARD,
IMPORTERS OF
Foreign and Domestic
Wines and Liquors,
311 SACRAMENTO STREET,
(Bet. Front and Battery,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
fe21tf

MICHAEL RYAN,
DEALER IN
Wines, Liquors, Etc.,
IRISH-AMERICAN HALL,
816 Howard-street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
fe21tf

J. W. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars,
1151 Market street,
And N. W. cor. Sansome and Merchant streets,
sep5tf SAN FRANCISCO.

P. J. McMahon,
Formerly of the Russ House, has removed to the
NEVADA SALOON,
(Formerly known as the Kremlin,)
236 Montgomery Street,
East side, between Pine and Bush,
Where he will be glad to see his numerous friends and he public generally. au29tf

Wine Rooms,
—OF THE—
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE,
CALIFORNIA STREET,
JAMES IRWIN.
ap11tf

LAFAYETTE BREWERY,
725 Green Street.
THOMAS GROGAN AND A. ANSTETT,
PROPRIETORS.
ap25tf

"Faith and Fatherland—Help Where Help Is Needed."
This is the cry of Ireland's trusted friend, Sister MARY FRANCIS CLARE (the Nun of Kenmare.)
GRAND LOTTERY
....AND....
DRAWING OF PRIZES
FOR THE POOR OF KENMARE,
COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND.
TO BUILD A HOME
....FOR....
Destitute Irish Girls.
This will be under the management of
THE NUN OF KENMARE.
TO BE HELD IN BOSTON,
ON THE 2D DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1875
Under the auspicies of some of the leading Catholics of this City.

First Prize—A most magnificent Banner set in jewels and pearls, with tapestry centre representing St. Patrick blessing the Irish Nation. Size 9 by 7 feet. Made specially by the Nuns of Kenmare. The value of this banner has been declared by a competent judge to be $5,000. This banner will be offered to the Societies to vote for it.

Second Prize—A magnificent Limerick Lace Bridal Dress, Veil and Opera Cloak, with a tiara of Irish diamonds, necklets and bracelets, etc. Value, $1,500.

Third Prize—A beautiful Irish Poplin Dress, designed expressly for the purpose—a white ground with gold shamrocks—with a splendid set of Gold Ornaments, after ancient Irish models. Value, $1,000.

Fourth Prize—A Set of Irish Point Lace Handkerchiefs, to be embroidered with the name of the winner. Value, $300.

Fifth Prize—A beautiful Baby Robe, Hood and Cape, in Irish Guipure Lace. The pattern has been designed expressely for this Lottery, with the harp and shamrocks. Value, $250.

Sixth Prize—A magnificent Black Limerick Lace Tunic, with body trimmings and Lace Shawl to match. Value, $300.

Seventh Prize—A White Lace Shawl of Irish Point, of exquisite work. Value, $200

Eighth Prize—A complete Set of Views of celebrated Irish Scenery, in a magnificent Album of Killarney arbutus wood. Value, $100.

Ninth Prize—Model of an Ancient Irish Harp, in Killarney bog oak, studded with Irish diamonds. Value, $150.

Also, 740 other prizes, including several Gold Watches, pieces of Silk, Oil Paintings, Writing Cases, etc., all of which are Irish manufacture, and varying in value from ten to five hundred dollars.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR.

Any person disposing of twenty tickets will receive in return, free of cost, a large-sized magnificent photograph of the Nun of Kenmare.

NOTICE.—Any person disposing of sixty tickets will be presented with a free ticket for a special drawing of all prizes, the lowest of which will be valued at twenty dollars.

In order to give charitably-disposed parties more confidence, most of the prizes have been already brought out, and will be exhibited in some of the leading cities, in order that the people may see that the Nun of Kenmare has spared no pains to make this in every way worthy of the very generous and good-hearted people of the United States.

Mr. Laurence O'Neill Fogarty has been entrusted with the entire management, and will remain in America until all is completed. He takes the place of other agents whom, for various reasons, Sister M. F. Clare has been obliged to discontinue.

Tickets may be had from the Convent direct, or from Laurence O'Neill Fogarty, care of C. H. Callahan, Esq., 48 State street, Boston, Mass; or from office of this paper.

The winning numbers, with the names of those who have secured prizes, will be published in the daily papers the day after the drawing; also in the *American Gael, Irish World, Pilot, Leader, Sentinel* and NATIONALIST. au22tf

Dry Goods.

E. SUPPLE,
838 Market St.,
HAS NOW A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTment of Fall and Winter
DRESS GOODS
Which we offer to the public at very
Low Prices,
Consisting, in part, of Black and Fancy
SILKS,
IRISH POPLINS, SHAWLS,
And a full supply of
Fancy Goods,
We invite special attention to our supply of
Black Goods.
Table Linens
AND
HOUSEKEEPING
GOODS,
To Hotels and Boarding-houses at Wholesale Prices.
RIBBONS
A Specialty at importers' rates.
Orders from the country promptly attended to at lowest rates.
E. SUPPLE,
838 Market street.....Nearly opposite Fourth.
au1tf

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

IMPORTED CIGARS,
Of the Best Brands, and at most Reasonable Prices, can always be had at the
Brooklyn Hotel Cigar Stand.
A Fine Assortment of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco always on hand. no29tf

S. A. GORDON. M. BURKE.
Market street Cigar Store,
CORDON & BURKE,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HAVANA CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
843 MARKET STREET,
Opposite Fourth street.....SAN FRANCISCO
fl4tf

B. C. DUFFY,

CIGAR
Manufacturer.
No. 950 Market Street,
Corner of Powell
SAN RANCISCO.
We employ none but white help.
fe1-tf

S. VAN PRAAG.
Dealer in Imported
Cigars and Tobacco,
No. 30 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite Lick House, San Francisco.
CIGARS BY BOX AT JOBBING RATES.
je 13 tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

PETER FERNANDEZ. PETER AGUIRRE.
FERNANDEZ & AGUIRRE,
Fashionable Hatters,
No. 329 Kearny St., bet. Pine and Bush,
San Francisco.
Hats Made to Order and Renovated.
jy25tf

GIANT POWDER.
To the Miners and others. You will save fifty per cent by using the GIANT POWDER exclusively.
Giant Powder No. 2,
is superior to any other blasting material for bank blasing, Coal Mines, and all medium hard ock.
PRICE:—Fifty cents per pound.
BANDMAN, NIELSON, & Co., Gen. Agents.
No. 210 Front street, San Francisco. jy4-tf

MISS NORAH SULLIVAN,
No. 300 Kearny street,
BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE STREETS,
[Formerly of Market street,]
LADIES' HAIR-DRESSER
And Importer of
Human Hair and Toilet Articles.
Orders from the country promptly attended to.
sept5tf

Furniture Wanted.
KING WANTS, THIS WEEK, $10,000 WORTH OF SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, to all country orders; also, Grocery Stores and Saloons bought.
M. L. KING,
sep19tf 537 California and 19 Fourth st.

Horrors in England.

[From the Dublin Irishman.]

THE social condition of England is not an inviting topic. We never even dwell upon it, and rarely allude to it. If sometimes, in order to rebut statements flung against this country, with a view to support coercive measures—if then we bring out some of the shades of England's inner life, we do not dwell upon the melancholy picture. We pass from it as soon as possible. It is loathsome in itself, and we would avoid placing under Irish eyes the unfamiliar forms of crime.

It is, however, our painful duty occasionally to note down some of the monstrous acts which are committed in that country. For its representatives insist upon passing incessant coercion acts against the people of our native land. Their own more requires them. That we have proved not once, nor twice, but as often as occasion was—and there was a coercion bill to be passed.

It is remarkable that the English journals are usually silent enough about every crime committed in England, when there is prospect of coercion Ireland. There is a sort of conspiracy of silence. They keep things quiet. On the other hand, they magnify everything which they can discover in relation to Irish offences.

When, however, that time has past—when coercion acts have been passed and Ireland loaded with restrictions—then indeed the English journalists feel themselves free to speak of the delinquencies which have occured in England. Not till then! We have shown that crimes were committed before many witnesses—we have shown that men mentioned to others their intention to commit crimes which they did commit—we have shown that criminals escaped in a very large proportion from punishment. But we also showed that never did a judge or jury censure the witnesses of crime, even when they avowed they saw the perpetration of it!—never did they rebuke those who admitted they had been informed of the intention to commit crime, and who allowed it to go on!!—never did they denounce the "sympathy with crime" of the classes in England, which makes the escape of the greater number of criminals possible!!!

Nor did one of the English journals even remark upon these singular omissions of English judges and juries!

The extract we quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette* refers briefly to horrors which mark the social state of England at present. We do not wish to go into them with any minuteness; for they are by far too loathsome. But this will suffice as a sample:

"The brutal outrage to which, and to the inadequate punishment inflicted upon its perpetrators, the *Times* draws special attention this morning, is the last, but by no means the worst, of a long series of acts of ruffianly violence by which everybody, with the exception, apparently, of judges and magistrates, has been shocked during the last few weeks. Three men the other night assaulted a married woman as she was standing at her door with her husband, knocked down and kicked her husband for remonstrating, entered the house, knocked down an old woman, jumped upon her and threw her down stairs, kicked about a cradle in which a baby was lying, and then "proceeded to wreck the house," defending themselves against the police "with a poker and a long pole." These ruffians were brought up on Wednesday last at the Birmingham police-court, and sentenced one of them to thirteen months imprisonment, and the others to shorter terms."

We submit that the conduct of these Englishmen has been more barbarous than any conduct that comes authenticated by good evidence from Ashantee. We submit, furthermore, that there seems to be an utter want of a correct sense of its abominable nature amongst the very authorities who are entrusted with the punishment of crime. Even the English paper—at last—confesses that judges and magistrates are strangely apathetic—that they are not shocked at what has shocked others. In fact, they seem to take these crimes—how fearful soever—as a mere matter of course, and thus thinking, give a trifling punishment.

Their sense of moral indignation is gone, and when this is so as respects judges and magistrates, how can we expect that public opinion in England will condemn crime as it should?

ROMANTIC SWINDLING.—A German tailor, named Hammelmann, who had spent a portion of his life in Spain, was sentenced to three year's imprisonment at Hanover for obtaining money under false pretenses. Whilst in Spain he assumed the name of Don Alfredo Carlos de los Santos, and corresponded with one or two German generals, from whom and others he obtained sums of money for raising a treasure concealed, as alleged, under the following circumstances: Shortly before her fall Queen Isabel had commissioned Don Alfredo de los Santos to buy twenty thousand breech-loaders, and given him a check for 2,180,000 francs, which was duly cashed. Meanwhile the daughter of Marie Christine lost her throne, and our knight of the needle felt rather embarrassed with the trust. Hegelian philosophy, however, taught him that "Alles was ist, ist gut," and he therefore resolved to hide the £95,000 in various places over Europe, which he said were marked by him with a black cross and the word "Mistorfo" three times repeated. These signs were discovered on a house in Vienna and a milestone near Carlsruhe, which the swindler had meanwhile visited. The consequence was a golden harvest in the shape of remittances from £50 downwards from credulous speculators.

A SWELL AT THE GALLOWS.—The first Earl Holland was a great dandy, and played a prominent and not altogether reputable part in the history of his time. He was a favorite at the courts of James I. and Charles I.; but when the civil war broke out, he at first sided with the Parliament against the King. In an unlucky hour he went over to the Royalist side, took up arms against the Commonwealth, was defeated, taken prisoner, put to a trial, and duly sentenced to lose his head. He appeared upon the scaffold in white satin vest and cap, trimmed with silver lace. His costly garments were the lawful perquisites of the executioner, to whom the Earl said, as he approached the block: "Here, my friend, let my body and my clothes alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes, I am sure. And when you take off my head, do not take off my cap." Then laying his head upon the block, he added: "Stay, while I give the sign." After a brief prayer he stretched out his hand, saying, "Now! now!" The word had hardly left his lips when the axe fell, and the head was severed from the body at a single stroke.—*Galaxy.*

The Baptist organization of Santa Barbara is flourishing. A Sunday school with thirty-two members was organized last Sunday.

Business Directory.

☞ We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the NATIONALIST, each customer may rest assured o corteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.
California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.

AUCTIONEERS.
M. L. King, 537 California st, and 19 Fourth st.

ALE AND PORTER.
Edw. C. Slorah, 708 Sansome, near Jackson st.

BOOKS & STATIONERS.
H. S. Crocker, cor Sacramento and Sansome sts.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
M F Walsh, 905½ Market street, corner Fifth.
Thos Healy, 677 Mission street, near Third.
William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).
John Leddy, 123 Fourth, corner Minna street.
Nolan Bros, 11 Third street.
A. McNamara, 12 Fifth street
California Association, 19 Third street.

BANKING.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N E corner Montgomery and Market streets.

BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.
Weed & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.
Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery street.

CUTLERY.
M Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Stevenson street.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
B C Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell.
Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.
Gordon & Burke, 843 Market street.
S. Van Praag, 30 Montgomery st.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J O'Connor, 59 Clay street, corner Drumm.
McKenna & Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.

CONFECTIONERS,
Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.
Huston & Probasco, 122 Kearny st.

DRY GOODS.
John C Talbot & Co, 28 Kearny street.
E. Supple, 838 Market st.
Gleeson & Fell, Market st, between 5th and 6th.

DENTISTS.
Dr S H Roberts, 142½ Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &c.
John Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Isaac Selig, 218 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
P Kelly, N E cor Fourth and Minna streets.
P Hartigan, 164 First street, cor Howard also. N E cor Twelfth and Folsom streets.
John J Reardon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet Mission and Howard.
P T Flynn & Son, cor Howard and Eighth streets.
John A. Lennon, 513 Clay street.
Toner & Horgan, Stalls 13 & 14 Grand Central Market.

HATTERS,
Fernandez & Aguirre, 329 Montgomery st.

HORSE SHOERS,
Donohue & Co., 8 Everett street, near 3d.
J. Duane, 817 Market st.

HAIR-DRESSING.
Miss Norah Sullivan 300 Kearny st.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Washington Hotel, 519 Mission street, bet First and Second.
Montgomery's Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.
Manhattan House, 704 and 707 Front street, bet Pacific and Broadway.
South End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, n ar Third.
Golden Eagle Hotel, 402, 404 and 406 Broadway street.
Central Hotel, 814 and 816 Sansome street.
New Franklin House, 321 Pacific street.
Broadway Hotel, 212 Broadway.
Western Hotel, 214 and 216 Broadway.

LAW.
P Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641 Merchant street.
M Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.
M Cooney, Room No. 7 Court Block, and 636 Clay st.
John Burke Phillipps, Dunbar Alley, rear City Hall.
A. M. Heslep, S. E. cor Montgomery and Clay.
J. F Sullivan, 637 Kearny st.
W. H. Aikin, Soldiers' War Claim Agency, 34 Montgomery st.

LIVERY STABLES.
R Dowling, 610 Howard street, bet Second and New Montgomery.
San Rafael Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.
David Kanary, 332 Bush st.

MEDICAL.
Paul M Brenan, 127 Montgomery street.
Dr Aborn, 213 Geary street.
Dr J D Callaghan, 852 Folsom Street.
Dr Doherty, 519 Sacramento st, cor Leidesdorff.
Mrs. A. B. Barter, 406 Post st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).
M Short, 527 Commercial st, cor Leidesdorff.
Kenny & Sheahan, 24 Third st.
P. S. Molony, 218 Bush st.

MIRRORS, PICTURES, &c.
D Drady, 243 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folsom.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near Folsom.
Wm J Blythe, Band Master 3d Irish Regt, N G C.
Lafayette Brewery, 725 Second street.
Alameda Carriage Factory, cor. Santa Clara and St. Mary sts, San Jose.
South Park Market, 432 Third st.
P. S. Malone, Official Short-hand Reporter, Room 10 Knox Block, San Jose.
John Ward, Asphaltum Roofer, S. W. cor Third and Stevenson sts.
Mark Bradley, American Bakery, St. Sohn's street, San Jose.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.
H C Blake, 333 Montgomery street.

POWDER
Giant Powder, 210 Front street.

PRINTING HOUSES.
John H Carmany & Co, 409 Washington street.
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Levy & Levitzky, 306 Montgomery st.

STOVES AND TINWARE,
J. M. Bryan, 130 3d street.

UNDERTAKERS.
James McGinn, 717 Market street.
Flanagan & Gallagher, 834 Market street.
Thomas Golden, 917 Market st.

WINES AND LIQUORS.
P F Brady, 610 Market street, and 11 Post street.
P J Tannian, 24 Third street.
Daly & Ward, 311 Sacramento street, bet Front and Davis.
Yate's Branch Saloon, cor Third and Market streets.
Fredericksburg Eintracht Saloon, 546 California street.
Michael Ryan, 134 Fourth street, bet Minna and Howard.
J H Dougherty, 515 California street.
Jas Irwin, Merchants' Exchange, California st.
Celtic Club House, T F Baines, 1022 Market street.
Thomas Callan, S. E. cor. Merchant and Montgomery.
M. Warde & Co, 303 Battery st.
John Kenny, 515 Front st.
Lyman Rafferty & Co, 416 Battery st.
John C. Morrison, Jr, 316 Sacramento st. and 321 Commercial st.
J. J. McDonald, 1151 Market st, and N. W. corner Sansome and Merchant sts.
P. J. McMahon, Nevada Saloon, 236 Montgomery st.
Richards & Harrison, 314 and 316 Battery sts.
Henry Brader, 621 Sansome st.
M J Ryan, 468 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal.
Thos O Neil, S E cor Washington and Seventh streets, Oakland, Cal.

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—:o:—

Board and Lodging per week, - - - $5.00
Board and Lodging per Day, - - - $1.00

This House is newly Furnished with good Beds and Bedding, which improvement every boarder will appreciate.

Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of Charge. House close to the Oregon, San Diego and Humboldt Steamers.

JOHN DONOHUE, - - Proprietor,
Late of Melbourne, Australia. jy4tf

South End Oyster House.

FOR the Freshest, Juiciest and Fattest Transplante or California Oysters, or a good Welsh Rarebit or Crab Stew, go to

MANNING'S OYSTER HOUSE,
672 Howard St., near Third (late of the Blue Wing Saloon.) sep13-tf

NEW FRANKLIN HOUSE,
321 Pacific St.,
Corner of Sansome.....SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS HOUSE IS A FIRE-PROOF BUILDING, NEWly built, and well ventilated. The rooms are furnished with Spring Beds, and well arranged for families or single persons.

Board and Lodging per Week from $5 to $7. Single Meals Twenty-Five Cents.

Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of Charge.

H. DOHERTY, } Proprietors.
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je6tf

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THIS HOUSE IS NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED throughout for the accommodation of the traveling public in general. The rooms are furnished with spring beds, and well arranged for families and single persons. The table is always supplied with the best the market affords. Second to none in the city.

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JAMES BARRY, late of St. Nicholas Hotel,
je6tf PROPRIETORS.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
814 & 816 SANSOME ST.,
Near Broadway.....SAN FRANCISCO.

SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES.—All the rooms furnished with the best spring beds, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

Board and Lodging.....$5 to $6 per Week.
Board and Lodging.....$1 00 per Day.

The CENTRAL HOTEL COACH will be at every Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing, to convey passengers and baggage to the House free of charge.

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Board and Lodging per week.....$4 50
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Single Meals.....25
Lodging per Night.....50 and 25

Passengers and Baggage taken to this house free of charge. JOHN MURRAY, Proprietor.
my24-tf

MANHATTAN HOUSE
705 and 707 Front St., between Pacific and Broadway
SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging, per Week, - - $4 50.
Board, per Day, - - - - 75c.

Good accommodations for Families.

N. B.—This House has just been renovated. Free Coach to the House.

JAMES CORNYN.....Proprietor
(Formerly of the Central House.) jy4-tf

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227 & 229 Secon street, San Francisco.

This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles and offers Superior Accommodations to the public. The Table is always supplied with the best the market affords, and no pains will be spared to give guests the comforts of a home.

Board per week.....$3 50
Six Meal Tickets for.....1 00
Board and Lodging per Week.....4 00
Single Rooms, with Board, per week.....4 50

CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.
ap19-tf

WESTERN HOTEL,
214 and 216 Broadway St.,
Between Sansome and Battery streets,
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Board and Lodging per Week.....$5.
MEALS, 25 CENTS.

This Hotel is close to the Oregon and Humboldt Steamers

A Coach bearing the name of the Hotel will be at every Steamboat Landing and R. R. Depot to convey the passengers and their baggage to the Hotel, FREE.

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PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

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No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz.: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L—— H——
San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1864.
[L. S.] A. S. GOULD, Notary Public.

Seminal Weakness—A Sworn-to Certificate of Most Remarkable Cure of Spermatorrhœa.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is enervated, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address
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San Francisco, Ca
ap4tf

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OFFICE—Room No. 17 Downey Block,
LOS ANGELES, CAL. jly5-t

M. COONEY,
Attorney-at-Law.
No. 7 Court Block, 636 Clay Street,
And 645 Merchant Street, bet. Kearny and Montgomery.
Residence, 312 Seventh st, SAN FRANCISCO.
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sept5-6m

SOLDIERS'
WAR CLAIM AGENCY,
No. 34 Montgomery Block,
SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. AIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND COMMANDER OF THE Grand Army of the Republic in California and Nevada, will give prompt attention to the collection of Additional Travel Pay, now due California and Nevada Volunteers discharged more than three hundred miles from home. Soldiers can depend on fair dealing. Information given free of charge. When writing enclose stamp for reply and state company and regiment and whether you have a discharge. Congress has extended the time for filing claims for additional Bounty under Act of July 28, 1866, to January, 1875, so all such claims must be made before that time. Original Bounty of $100 has been allowed all volunteers who enlisted before July 22, 1861, for three years, if not paid the same when discharged. Land Warrants can be obtained for services rendered before 1855, but not for services in the late war. Pensions for late war and war of 1812 obtained and increased when allowed for less than disability warrants, but no pensions are allowed to Mexican and Florida war soldiers. State of Texas has granted Pensions to surviving veterans of Texas Revolution. New Orleans and Mobile Prize Money is now due and being paid. W. H. Aiken also attends to General Law and Collection Business. sep5-4m

JOHN BURKE PHILLIPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Dunbar Alley, Rear of City Hall,
San Francisco. je13tf

J. F. SULLIVAN,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 637 KEARNY STREET,
Bet. Clay and Commercial sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO. sep12-3m

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All kinds of Instruments drawn up carefully in legal form, and at reasonable charges. Depositions taken at all hours in any part of the city.
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PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENTS,
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PETER J. KELLY,
SUCCESSOR TO
Lennon & Kelly,
....DEALERS IN ....
Groceries and Provisions,
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.
Southeast Corner of Fourth and Minna Streets, San Francisco. mh9-tf

MURRAY, WHITE & CO.,
CALIFORNIA LAND AND COMMISSION AGENCY,
330 Pine st, S. F., Rooms 33 and 34.
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Choice Grain, Grazing, Timber and Mineral Lands for Sale, in quantities to suit, in all parts of California.
Collections made, loans negotiated and insurance effected on the most favorable terms.
Land from $2.50 to $5.00 per acre. jy11tf

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TONER & HORGAN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, HAMS, BACON, LARD, ETC., ETC.
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Particular attention paid to country consignments. All orders promptly attended to. Goods delivered free of charge. my24-tf

WM. J. BLYTHE,

Band Master 3d Irish Regiment, N. G. C
RESIDENCE—283 Stevenson street.—PLACE OF BUSINESS—At P. J. Tannian's, cor. Stevenson and Third Sts.
Orders from the country promptly attended to.
[mh21-tf]

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland it enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."

JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....Nortonville, Contra Costa Co
PETER KERNS.....Salinas City, Monterey Co
ARTHUR ATTRIDGE.....Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co
THOS. QUINN.....Pino, Placer Co
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BARTHOLOMEW COLGAN.....Virginia City, Nev
WILLIAM REDMOND.....Gold Hill, Nev
THOMAS WOGAN.....Silver City, Nev
JOHN L. REIDY.....Merced City, Merced Co
DANIAL F. HAYES.....Denver, Colorado.
F. M. CARROLL.....San Diego

WE would call the attention of our delinquent subscribers, to the fact that they are in our debt, and that we cannot afford to let them continue so. We use our best endeavors to give every one who takes the NATIONALIST value for their money, and at the same time to advocate the cause which we hold to be paramount—the independence of Ireland. It is on these grounds that we call, in the name of ordinary honesty, for a settlement of these long-outstanding debts. We have, this week, sent bills to all our subscribers who are delinquent, which show the amount of their indebtedness. We hope our appeal will meet with a prompt response. We strive to do *our* duty—we hope our friends will do the same.

Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

☞ SOME of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding AT ONCE to this office the trifling amounts of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

☞ Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States is 20c, per annum, or 5c per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

THE subscription price of the IRISH NATIONALIST to city subscribers, is 40 cents per month. Carriers charging more should be reported to this office.

DR. THOS. BIGGS is authorized to receive subscriptions and collect for the IRISH NATIONALIST in this city.

Mr. P. H. Lydon is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Irish Nationalist and receipt for the same.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. R., Los Angles—There was no Irish Regiment in the service of France during the late war. An attempt was made to raise an Irish regiment, but, owing to the many difficulties the Foreign Enlistment Act put in the way, it was unsuccessful. An Irish company was, however, formed of young men who found their way to France, at their own expense, and attached to the Foreign Legion. It was commanded by a Captain Kirwan, who had previously served with distinction in the English Army. All the young Irishmen resident in Paris during the seige served in the Garde Mobile, with but few exceptions. A brother of Theobald Casey, who was arrested with Col. Richard Bourke, had the honor of being made a sous-Lieutenant on the field of battle during one of the sorties from the city.

MARY—The Burial of Sir John Moore was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, a Protestant clergyman. He was born in Dublin, 14th December, 1791, and died 21st February, 1823. His fame rests almost entirely on the poem you refer to, which has been pronounced by Lord Byron to be "the most perfect ode in the language."

THE play of "Jealousy," at the California Theatre, is but a slight alteration from East Lynne, and it affords Mrs. Chanfrau a scope for fine acting, of which she does not fail to take advantage. The rest of the characters, perhaps from contrast, present but little individuality The stage effect of the play is much marred by little discrepancies. "Jeames," a gentleman's servant, appears in a livery which would put to shame the tail of a peacock. "Sir Arthur Campbell" appears in evening costume, when all the other characters, with a due respect for the hour, are attired in *costumes de matinee*. Apart from these faults the play is good, and Mrs. Chanfrau's acting is really fine. "Christie Johnson," "Dora," and "Aurora Floyd," promised.

THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

On the sixth page of this issue will be found a proclamation from the Central Council of the Fenian Brotherhood, at present convened in New York, which will be read with interest and appreciation by all. Its tone is manly and hopeful—not unmindful of former faults or misfortunes, but breathing throughout an unconquerable confidence in the right, and in the deathless cause of liberty. The names which appear at the foot, and which give their guarantee to the document, are such as to command the respect and confidence of every Irishman, nor is the Proclamation itself intrinsically unworthy of them.

No Irishman is unaware that, of all our revolutionary societies, none have met with so much misconstruction and misconception as the Fenian Brotherhood, though none, perhaps, in modern times have really done more for their country. They found the cause chivalric, and they ennobled it; they found the country helpless and well nigh hopeless, and they reinspired it; they found a breach open, through which England was pouring in an unchecked tide of tyranny and oppression, and they closed it with their bodies. Their cause was ennobled by heroism, it was sanctified by martyrdom, and we well might have imagined that its disinterestedness was beyond question. But no. The fatal curse of disunion, which has hitherto seemed inseparable from Irish revolutionary movements, was not absent even here. And the cause of its presence was as easy to detect as the baleful effects. The Fenian Brotherhood was an organization whose ramifications extended through the world, and knit continents together in the hatred of British tyranny. They were formidable, especially in this country, both in numbers and influence, and the English Government had proofs of their power and dreaded it accordingly. What, then, did they do to sap this power? What have they always done when they see an Irish organization assuming formidable proportions? They sent their agents among them—we had nearly written "paid agents," but we wish to be comprehensive; and when an Irishman does the work of the British Government he is a traitor if he never received a shilling for his services. They sent their agents, paid and otherwise, whose task was to gain the ear of the organization, and to sow disunion in its ranks, always, alas! a too easy task amongst Irishmen. These spies did their work well. They abandoned the religious for the pecuniary as a basis of action, and they turned round and accused the leaders of the movement of peculation and misapplication of the funds of the Brotherhood. History tells us how well they succeeded, and the British Government took heart of grace, for they believed the Fenians were crushed at last and for ever. But the tree of liberty is hard to uproot when it is watered by the tears of widows and orphans and consecrated by the blood of martyrs. The sufferings of their brethren in English prisons, the atrocious tortures of barbarous English jailers were living reminders to the patriotism of those who still remained, and the memory of the Manchester gibbet looms in the past like a dark shadow, never to be obliterated save by a copious libation of tyrant blood.

We see the Fenian Brotherhood once more gathering strength, and its Council issuing its spirit-stirring proclamation to the scattered members. They seem sanguine of success, and it is not for others to be less confident. They are taking a step which holds out brighter prospects of eventual victory than any that Ireland has entertained for some time. We refer to the active measures taken by the Central Council for affiliation with the other societies throughout America. Union is strength, and to none more than to those who are organizing a revolutionary movement. From want of union, nay rather from absolute disunion, have sprung the many failures which the cause of Irish liberty has encountered. On another point in the proclamation we would touch, as lightly as may be, for the subject is a delicate one. The business affairs of the Brotherhood are to be conducted on a basis of greater security—in the words of the proclamation, "The abolition of the Great Circle will henceforth preclude all possibility of parties obtaining, by means of money, control over the organization for sinister purposes."

In every way, then, the great Fenian Brotherhood is resurrected, or rather (for it was never dead) is rejuvenated under the most favorable auspices. We trust that their prisoners will be liberated, and that speedily, their martyrs avenged, and their country freed, for in this respect what is theirs, is ours.

There is much that is cheering for Irishmen in the renewed attitude of activity assumed by the Fenian Brotherhood. As an organization, it has deserved well of all who desire Ireland's independence, and from the proclamation now issued we are disposed to augur most favorably as to its ultimate prospects of success. It does not pledge itself to much. It merely appeals to its past record, apart from the misfortunes which overclouded it, and which are mainly attributable to the intrigues of English treachery. These will now be effectually guarded against, and it remains for Irishmen to respond to their appeal in such a manner as to justify the noble aspirations of the Central Council who have issued it. The memories of the men who have dared all and endured all under the banner of this organization, sanctifies the cause for which their lives were laid down; and the English have striven to throw ridicule on it in vain. They may have wreathed their lips with a smile, but we know that their hearts were sinking with terror, and the treatment to which the prisoners were exposed shows the poltroon in the tyrant. The Brotherhood issues this appeal to justify at last the terror of our oppressors, and while establishing our country's liberty to avenge those who have fallen in seeking to establish it.

CALIFORNIA WINES.

The agricultural prospects of this State have rarely been more promising than at the present time. Farmers will complain, some say they would not be happy if they did not, but on the whole California bids fair to yield up a vegetable treasure from her soil more than equal to the biggest gold find ever yielded by "the best paying lead in the State." The *Commercial Herald* of a recent date, insinuates that the Grangers are damaging themselves and the country at large, as well as acting unjustly by the measures they have taken and are taking, but as far as the injury they do is concerned it is certainly imperceptible amid the growing prosperity of agriculture, and for injustice—they have clearly the right to sell in the dearest available market, quite irrespective of middle-men of any grade. The wheat trade of the Pacific Coast has latterly increased to such an extent as to have become world famous. Even with all the disadvantage of distance and long freight we can undersell any formidable competitor in the Liverpool market. The wheat trade has increased year by year, and already, California, the Grain Producer, has eclipsed California, the Gold Producer, and there is scarcely any practical limits assignable where this increase will stop. The supply will go on with the demand which, in Europe, is virtually limitless. But it is not even as a grain producer that the future wealth of California will be developed. The vineyards of this State are still in their infancy, but have already achieved a very notable success. There is no reason why, in a very short time, California should not rival France and Germany as the wine emporium of the world. The European wine crops are insufficient to meet the demand, and consequently adulteration is carried on to an almost inconceivable and rapidly increasing extent. The prestige which they have gained will soon go down before this wholesale system of adulteration, and the consequence will be that our wine growers will be placed on an equality with those of Europe, an equality which the acknowledged purity of California wines, and our abundant means of securing and maintaining this purity in the face of any competition, will speedily raise into a decided superiority. From the report of the Cologne Chamber of Commerce it appears that what is termed the "rectification" of German wines, notably those of Moselle, is carried on to a prodigious extent. The grape juce is adulterated with spirits and sugar, largely diluted with water, and the compound is sold as the genuine product of the celebrated vineyards of Moselle and the Palatinate. The report states that during last season there were sent up to the Moselle alone no less than 18,000 centners of common potato sugar, and proportionate quantities were received in the other wine provinces. This is a state of affairs which redounds directly to the advantage of our wine growers. Let them send their wines abroad, and the difference between the pure juice of the grape as produced in this State, and the adulterated "make up" sold from the European vineyards would soon secure our wines a world-wide reputation. It is impossible for the French and German vineyards to meet the demand. They have not the area to supply the market. We hope our wine growers will appreciate the situation, and lose no time in entering into a competition which must result successfully for the State.

GERMAN AND DANE.

Germany is coming on. She is not content with having her finger in nearly every European pie, and gobbling up Alsace and Lorraine in her insatiable lust for territory, so she casts covetous eyes towards the north. The truth is that she is discontented with her inland situation. She wants more sea-board, and as a preliminary step to obtaining it has made to Denmark the cool proposition to give up her independence and enroll herself as a German province. For Prussian schemes of aggrandisement this would suit admirably. It would give Bismark just what he wants—a considerable extent of sea-board, as well as the chief command of the Baltic ports and commerce. But Denmark does not see it in the same light. She has not such a love for her big neighbor as to induce her to voluntarily forego her independence and become an appanage of Germany, so she has given a very unequivocal refusal. Though Denmark is but a little power, it would hardly suit Bismark in the present condition of Europe to attempt a forcible possession, but should he do so a curious problem would be offered. Would England, in the interests of preserving the balance of power, and in view of the close matrimonial alliance existing between her heir apparent and the royal family of Denmark, resist German aggression in that direction *vi et armis?* She could scarcely do otherwise, much as she is averse to a war with any people more warlike than naked savages. But if she protected Danish rights would she not be tacitly condemning the course she has herself inaugurated and pursued with regard to Ireland. The case would be exactly parallel. One country attempting to take possession of another on the simple principle

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,"

and Germany could well retort the action on England should she interfere. But this is at best chimerical. Bismark has other plans of gaining his purpose, and his action, in expelling Danish sympathizers from Schleswig, is clearly the first step in a plot of some kind for attaining his object. Denmark has, at least, the sympathy of every lover of liberty throughout the world in this dastardly attempt to crush out her autonomy.

THE many friends of Dr. C. F. Buckley will be glad to hear of his arrival from Europe, at the Lick.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The British Association have been holding the session of 1874 at Belfast, and the inhabitants of the "Irish Athens" have had the pleasure of hearing expressed some of the boldest thoughts of the greatest *savants* in Europe. It is especially pleasing to Irishmen that, amid that bright galaxy of talent, Irish genius found fitting representatives, in such men as Huxley, Tindall, and, though last by no means least, Sir William Wilde, whose able and exhaustive paper on the "Early races of mankind in Ireland" added fresh laurels to those already won by its distinguished author in anthropological researchs.

This British Association for the advancement of science, considers that the improvement of mankind in his social relations is as important a matter, and deserving of as much attention as his advancement in pure science, and hence subjects without connection with either chemistry, geology, mechanics, or economic science are sometimes considered and discussed. The *Saturday Review* has taken the Association severly, to task on this account, and tells it *ex cathedra* that its proper functions are to discuss every science but one, and that social science. The Association must not even discuss a subject of such primary scientific importance as the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures! The mentor of the greatest minds of the age can see no reason for adopting a metric system save the fact that he has ten fingers and ten toes, which we regard as a clear proof that he must have a brain ten times thicker than any ordinary mortal. The reason for this "storm in a tea-cup" is that a certain Sir George Campbell has had the temerity to read a paper before the Association on "The privileges over land wrongly called property." It was certainly a bold step even for an ex-Governor of an Indian province to attack the whole *tenure* on which land is held in the so-called United Kingdom, and it is not to be wondered at that he has come in for his share of the abuse which the English papers lavish so freely on every man who is independent enough to have an opinion of his own, and courageous enough to express it, on a subject of such a delicate character as the relations that subsist between the lord that owns the soil and the serf that tills it. Had Sir George Campbell been an Irishman and without rank, and had thus boldly declared his views from an Irish platform, the Lord Lieutenant's warrant would ere this have consigned him to a prison cell. But he spoke thus in an English assembly, with the stamp of English rank set upon him, and with the reputation of one who had held high trust for his Sovereign, and faithfully exercised it, and so, he stepped down from the rostrum and no man called him "Communist," no man called him "Socialist," and no policeman stepped forward to tap him on the shoulder. Society shrugged its shoulders, and said Sir George had brought strange ideas home from India, and that was all: to which he might have replied with one of our greatest philosophers—"I know that I have declared a truth, and though you may sneer, a truth which will one day revolutionize the world."

The Celestial Cyprians.

The city has but little cause to congratulate itself on the decision recently rendered, which let loose another bevy of Chinese courtezans to poison the moral and material atmosphere of Jackson street and its vicinity. An important issue was raised—nay, we will go further and say *has been* raised, and though temporarily set asid by an overstrained legality we trust it will not be let drop. The cooley trade is in itself a curse to the country that encourages or even permits it, and this phase of the unsavory traffic is the worst of all. The entire case is one which calls for legislative interference from the State—or, if the State have not the power, from the Federal Government. It is not too much to say that in draining the country of all they can earn and in checking useful emigration, this Chinese pest has checked the advance of California by half a decade. The Government of Peru, with a wisdom which might be well imitated by our own, has absolutely prohibited the importation of Chinese women. When we consider the evils which a mixed and mongrel race are certain to bring upon the country we are all the more surprised that the press of this State do not more strongly insist that, no matter from what source it may be obtained, power may be rendered available to put a stop to this hellish pest. No one is ignorant of the purpose for which these women are brought hither, and in the name of public morality something or other should be done, and that immediately, to free us from being deluged by a regular torrent of vice.

Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIR—I hope Mr. Malone will continue and complete his admirable papers on Darcy McGee, which have appeared from time to time in the NATIONALIST.

It is no ordinary task to review the life of such a man as McGee. From whatever standpoint we view him, he was an extraordinary character, whether as an orator, poet or scholar. Where intellect was the test, McGee stood foremost and pre-eminent amongst men; and had it not been for that one cloud upon his life, upon his patriotism,

His name would stand out through all ages a model,
Of grandeur, of greatness, of all that is good,
The palace, the castle, the hamlet and hovel,
Should hear but his name to pour out their flood.

Like the beautiful orb of day, whose light is sometimes dimmed, but not extinguished, the light and splendor of McGee's genius breaks through that cloud, and we cannot, if we would, forget his fame, and name, and memory altogether.

JOHN BURKE PHILLIPS.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, September 1st, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist

SIR—I don't know that there is much, if any, use in bothering again about your "reader" and my writing. But between them both my patience is sometimes sorely tried. I have just received two of my letters at the same time, and I think it is scarcely an over estimate to say that there are at least a dozen misprints in them. As I said before, tisn't pleasant to me that your readers should think very ill either of my sense or style, and as it is I don't see how they can help doing so occasionally, unless they always keep in mind my villainous writing and your villainous "reading." But I know how idle it is to expect the general reader (I hope your readers are a particular sort of readers) to keep anything in mind of which he is not very often reminded. *Hinc illae lacrymae.* I had thought to have pointed out these and other misprints, but I desist from the ungrateful task. I feel it is rather too much to expect of any reader, whether "general" or particular, that he should go fishing for these things in back numbers.

There is a great lack of news this week. There is no longer any Assembly, which, however much of a nuisance it might be to the country at large, was often very much of a Godsend to the newspapers. Then everybody who is *anybody* has left town, and the people who remain are necessarily not over lively. I feel the effect of the thing myself. I had intended to have been off somewhere before this, and having failed to take flight I feel as if my wings were a little clipt; and, then they could ill bear curtailment at the best of times. Happily, however, in this terrible dearth of topics there is always Bazaine to fall back upon. And certainly the newspapers, both here and elsewhere, (I suppose you are all at him now in America), have made the most of him. I told you in my last that I was altogether sceptical about the romance of the escape, and I am just as sceptical still, notwithstanding the letters of Madame Bazaine and of Bazaine himself. 'Tis very unpleasant to be obliged to think that a lady is telling fibs, but as to Bazaine himself, it is of course no trouble at all to me to believe that he lies like the mere trooper that he seems to be. But I confess that, low as my opinion of Bazaine's intellect previously was, I scarcely expected to see him blunder so foolishly as he seems to have done. I say *seems*, for I cannot yet be sure of what he means, or whether he has any meaning at all, though I strongly incline to think he hasn't. If he wishes to go over to the enemy altogether—and I don't in the least see what use he'd be to them *now*—he's acting naturally enough; but if he ever hopes to regain any sort of a position in France, he's acting in a simply insensate manner. His first care when he got to Cologne was to pay a visit to the Commanding General, who returned his visit the same day. This was, of course, the very last thing a man of any right feeling would have done under the circumstances. Now, Bazaine is clearly not a man of any right sort of feeling, but one would expect that he'd at least have had head enough to see how people with hearts as well as heads would look upon such a step. But I have often noticed that people with good enough heads, but with little or no heart, often blunder egregiously because they are unable to believe in the existence of such an organ in other people. There has been another visit of Bazaine's about which there has been also much talk. I mean his visit to the ex-Empress at Arnemburg. It was, no doubt, natural enough that he should desire to see her, and perhaps natural that she should wish to see him, but it was most certainly exceedingly unwise on her part to give any countenance to the idea that the cause of Bazaine and the cause of the Empire were one. Even the Bonapartist papers see this. However, there is no use in making too much of the matter. The Empress never had much sense, and exile is not likely to add to her originally small stock of that useful commodity. But, however it may be with the newspapers, I'm getting very tired of Bazaine and his surroundings. I might easily spin out this letter, and indeed fill up two or three other letters, with his sayings and doings at Cologne, Spa, Liege, and other places, but *cui bono?* Talking of Bazaine and Bonopartism reminds me, however, that I should say a word or two about the late election for the Department of Calvados. This was certainly a great triumph for Bonapartism, and cannot by any amount of ingenuity be made out to be anything else. The Bonapartist had 41,000 votes, the Republican 27,000, and the Legitimist some 7,000, I believe. To be sure, the Republicans only polled about the same number at the election of 1872, so they have not lost ground absolutely; but then the Bonapartists were only about 2,000 in 1872. The one thing that is quite clear in this as in all the late elections, is that the other monarchical parties have at present no hold at all on the country. The battle is to be fought out between the Empire and the Republic, and 'tis but too evident that the Legitimists and Orleanists, whether consciously or unconsciously, and I rather think the latter, have been all along doing their best to turn the scale in favor of the Empire. They may, and indeed do, dislike Bonapartism, but they simply hate the Republic. Then they do not in the least see where their blind fury is driving them. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

I intended to have said something about the Marshal-President's progress through the country, but I find I have no space. The subject will, however, keep, as the journey is to continue for some months. The Marshal is everywhere well received.

AN IRISH EXILE.

THE recent tests of the Ione coal are highly satisfactory.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

On looking over the October number of our California-grown periodical, we were at first terrified by the uncouth and apparently barbarous title of the initial prose article—"Some Kjokkenmoddings and Ancient Graves of California." Conquering our apprehensions, however, we read the article, which we found really interesting. The extensive research exhibited, and the skilful handling of the not very plastic subject, do its author—Mr. Schumacher—infinite credit. He conveys in a very few pages a really large amount of novel and valuable information. Mrs. Pardie's "Legend of Fox Island" has the merit of brevity carried to excess. The author has really not allowed herself space to convey her whole meaning. The sketch, however, contains some Liliputian passages of pleasant writing. We are next introduced to lighter literature by the sketch "Who was he?" by G. M. Marshall, a tale more wonderous than any emanation of Baron Munchanseir's intellect, yet told with a statistical accuracy as to names and dates, and a generally realistic air which is excessively diverting. It seems a pity that Mr. Marshall left the story to halt of itself in such a lame and impotent conclusion, for he displays an ability to "spin a yarn" which would not discredit the oldest mariner of them all. Joaquin Miller gives us a poem "Pace Implora" in his own style, and if not up to some of the efforts of our California poet is nevertheless thoughtful, pleasing, and one of the pleasantest features of the magazine. "The first Californin Aquarium Car" may be interesting to some, but what amusement or instruction the public generally can derive from "breeding black bass," (apparently an alliterative animal,) and tons of Michigan ice disposed in various tanks for the convenience of said bass and their confreres, we must leave to the painstaking author to determine. Had the car arrived at California no doubt the adventures of its piscatorial freight would have been indefinitely prolonged, but it fortunately broke down at the Elkhorn and brought the journey and the article to an abrupt conclusion. "Mr. James Nesmith" is the next sketch, a character one, and is well told. Mr. Nesmith has his prototype all over the world; though the Nemesis of poetic justice is not always so swift as Mr. Widney represents. It overtakes Mr. Nesmith in this wise:

I grew impatient. "Tell me," I said, "where and when, does hell begin?"

Before my friend could reply, round the corner came Mr. James Nesmith, and, saluting us with his courteously stately bow, passed on. "Tell me," I again impatiently said, as the footsteps died away, "where then, and when, does hell begin?"

"Hush!" said my friend, holding up his finger, with a strangely solemn look upon his face. "Hush!" said he. "I have, even now, caught the smell of its flames upon garments."

I stopped and looked at him curiously for a moment, and then gazed inquiringly around. I only saw a crimson rose hanging through the paling of a fence, a bird swinging lazily upon a bush, and up the street, Mr. James Nesmith, with his bowed head and stooping frame, walking slowly on to his house upon the hill.

"Legislation of Railroad tariffs," and "Cultivation of the Coffee Plant" have titles which speak for themselves. They give useful information and give it in a readable form—the only way information should be given to be read and remembered. Mr. Bierce contributes a little poem "Science," which is pretty and thoughtful if a little despondent. The last poem is by Mr. Fisher, and is the best we have yet seen from his pen. Indeed, the poetry in this number is considerably above the average.

"A Duel on Boston Common," and "Three Pueblo Spies" are incidents historically told, and will be read with interest. "A Pony Ride on Pitt River" is more like the correspondence of a weekly newspaper than a magazine article. It is its style we object to, for the matter is interesting enough. "The Falstaff of Shakespear" brings up a series of subjects which we would wish to see more frequently dealt with in periodical literature. Mr. Kelly displays considerable ingenuity in championing "The huge hill of flesh," and has treated his subject well, and, for the space at his disposal, exhaustively. He thus vindicates his right to the title of gentleman:

At the same time Shakspeare's Falstaff is not intended to appear as one who is formally degraded from his rank as a gentleman. Born to move in good society, he has not renounced all his finer instincts; he has not adopted all the coarseness of the position to which he is degraded by his vices; he does not make a merit of his intemperance, nor does he base his vanity on the exploits of a bandit, but still clings to the manners and qualities of a gentleman.

Mr. Kelly's article is quite one of the features of the magazine. "Singleline," when he wrote "How Bill was Mistaken," and evidently been reading Mark Twain's interview between "Scotty" and the "gospel sharp," and has founded his dialogue—the principal part of the sketch—on "Scotty's" inability to follow the minister in his grandiloquent flights. Some parts, however, are original enough and *pas s mal*. Mr. Harcourt gives us an old Mexican legend, well told and attractive, and is followed by a little gem from Mr. O'Connell, "The Moss Gatherer of Monterey." The sketch opens with the following account of the old Spanish port:

Twenty years ago, Monterey, that quaint dreamy town of the past, which has never caught the feverish inspiration of the present, was little different from the Monterey of to-day. The wars of the outside world, the king-makings, and revolutions, and discoveries, and inventions, had no power to send a single thrill of interest or excitement through the veins of her somnolent Spanish population. So long as the roses bloomed, and the winter rains made the hills green for the immense herds of cattle which then tenanted the Salinas plains—now a great harvest-field—so long did the people of Monterey, proud of their long stretch of sea-beach, their roses, and the dark beauty of their daughters, take the pleasant afternoon *siesta*, and dance to the music of the gitar at carnival time. Twenty years ago, as to-day, the cattle roamed through the quiet streets, and the same loving hands that planted feeble rose-cuttings, now, with less of the dimpled molding of yore, cull with the same delicate care the buds from the mature trees.

The fourth series of "Pacific Sea-Coast Views" opens with an account of Mendocino City. They are always read with interest. The number concludes with a well-selected editorial department and a few good sterling reviews. On the whole the number is one of the best we have seen lately, and leaves little to be desired. The matter is almost all pleasing and is invariably well arranged, and contains something suitable to nearly every taste.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH LANDING IN IRELAND.

Out of the gray old railway station of Athlone, past the square tower that gives the town the credit of fortification, skirting the green slopes that were once darkened with Ginkell's besieging forces, the train moves slowly on, and gathering speed as it leaves the clustered dwellings behind it, screams out into the pleasant sun-lit landscape. Glimpses of the blue Shannon are here and there visible still, but they grow more distant, and soon we are flying through the fertile County of Roscommon. Fertile enough, but little cultivated. "Herds with sleek shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail," are abundant enough, but the poor man's potato patch, the carefully tended two-acre garden, is lamentably infrequent. We become used to that, however, if we travel much through Ireland, and we learn to regard the ruined cot and the signs of peasant decay half sighingly, half cynically, for they are, alas! too common to evoke much surprise, or to waken into more active life the feeling of execration towards the British tyranny which is latent in every Irish bosom.

The pleasant summer morning lengthens into noon, and the shadows are level from the western sun as the train puffs and pants into Foxford. We all get out here, for the railway extends no further,* and the passengers group themselves around the pretty wayside station and wait for the packing of the "long cars," which are to convey them to Ballina. These long-cars are a comfortable conveyance enough, for all their occupants except the two unfortunates who are relegated to the uppermost seats; for however desirable may be "the uppermost seats in the synagogue," those in a long-car are a thorough affliction. Your seat is not wide enough, for it is encroached on by the elevated throne of the driver. If there be a crowd you are pressed against the top rail with a closeness of embrace which is anything but pleasant, and your body forms a screen for the more happily placed passengers, which protects them at your expense from rain or dust, or whatever atmospheric affliction prevails at the moment. I found myself one of the elect for this undesirable exaltation, and consequently endured a martyrdom from a drive which would otherwise have been a pleasure. Away started the lumbering vehicle, and instantly scenery of every kind was lost to my view in a cloud of dust, which kept me choking and sneezing till we reached Ballina. There is no earthly torment but has an end, and I felicitated myself as I was disencumbered of my dense white coating (internally and externally) in the "Moy" hotel, that mine was over at last. But my journey was not done yet. I was bound for Enniscrone, five miles further on, but what of that? I had a pleasanter vehicle—a regular outside—and any place I chose to occupy on it, for the "jarvey" was my sole fellow-passenger. A pleasant companion he was, too, amusing and full of anecdote, and perfectly versed in every legend of a scene "where each old poetic mountain inspiration breathes around." He showed me the Moy—the same river of which Tom Moore sings, "Silent, oh! Moyle, be the roar of thy water," and he enumerated the big takes of salmon which had been made there that season; for the Moyle of Lir's daughter is now a salmon stream, and such a profitable one that the gentleman who leases it can afford to pay $10,000 for the season's fishing and still make a profit.

Presently the gritty road grew smoother and sandier, the fresh ozone of the broad Atlantic saluted my nostrils with every breeze, and on rounding a turn of the road the magnificent panorama of Killala Bay burst in a moment on my view. I was at my journey's end.

Enniscrone is the great summer resort for the wealth and fashion of Ballina and the vicinity, yet it is, except locally, a little known spot. Such a beach, and such a sea view would in England be erected into a fashionable watering place. Town lots would go up to extravagant prices, the salmon fishing of the Moy would be pursued for pleasure instead of profit, and the place would be wealthy and prosperous. But it is in Ireland, and therefore its natural beauties are ignored, and the "mere Irish" are left to the enjoyment of their poverty and grand native scenery, which the Englishman cannot appreciate unless specially directed so to do in the pages of a guide-book.

Walking that evening on the Mall (for Enniscrone has a Mall—the grassy summit of a giant cliff) I made the acquaintance of an old man "to the manner born," and, I should fancy, the oldest inhabitant. He was garrulous as is the wont of oldest inhabitants, but far from tedious.

* The railway has since been extended to Ballina.

He pointed me out the town of Killala across the bay, and was angry with me because I could not distinguish at that distance the cairn erected to commemorate the landing of the French. His face lighted up as he spoke of the glorious dawn of freedom which was then fondly imagined to be breaking over Ireland. "If this old man," thought I, "be a true representative of popular opinion in Ireland, the British have little to reckon on in the allegiance of the country." This old man told me a story connected with the French invasion, which I set down here as nearly as I remember it.

"At that time, Sir," began the old man, "it was before my time, but my father minds it well, and he often told me of it, there was more hope among the Irish people than ever there has been since. They knew the French were coming, and they were sure of themselves, they never thought they'd have been deceived as they were. At that time, as I was saying, there lived, up beyond at Curraghmore, a young man by the name of Mahon—a young gentleman, I might say, for though only the son of a strong farmer he had a fine education, partly in France, and was as bold and generous-spirited as a young lion. He was in love with a young girl that lived in this very village, not altogether his equal may be, but as pretty as a picture and as good as a saint, and his father was too fond of him to say him nay in anything he had set his heart upon. She was the daughter of a fisherman, by the name of Barrett, and just doted down on the ground he stood upon. Well! Tom Mahon and Mary Barrett were the happiest pair of lovers in the three baronies. There wasn't a cloud between them, and the wedding day was fixed and all, when the news came that there was a French fleet lying off and on the entrance of the bay. Tom was a right young Irishman, and he hated the English with a good sound hatred. The minute he got the news he was off to Belmullet, for it was thought they would land there. The fleet was the first disappointment. There were only two vessels in it, and they came no further than Killala. But when Tom, and them that were along with him, got the word they were off to Killala, footing it the whole way, for they could get no boats. When he got there he was made an officer by Humbert, for he knew his drill well and could parley voo like a Frenchman. It wasn't long before they all started off, for the country was roused now, and that was no time for waiting. They made straight to Castlebar, but on the way there was that many women and followers around the new Irish soldiers that Humbert ordered them to be kept off from the army altogether, and then many a one thought him harsh at the time he was right. Women wont make soldiers themselves, and wont make them fight any the better either, though they do tell me the seige of Limerick tells another story. Amongst others that came was Mary Barrett. Poor girl, she thought more of Tom nor she thought of Ireland, and was loth to see him go fight. But he, may be for the first time in his life, wouldn't listen to her, and she had to go away with the rest. He gave her a letter to give to his father, and that letter, poor fellow was the cause of trouble enough afterwards. Its litile, it appears, was in it. Nothing but to tell the old man that he was going to fight for Ireland, and not to grieve for him if anything happened, for that we would be a free nation, anyhow, within a month. It seems that the old man's house was suspected and watched, and they took the letter from the girl, and, if all be true, didn't treat her too well either. But that would be no new thing for the d--d English; they are always ready enough to fight if they are ten to one; and they have little respect for anyone, even themselves, and for the Irish least of all.

Meanwhile Tom marched along, and you may take it that he ran on the right side of the races at Castlebar, and left his mark on many a red coat on that hill-side. But he run a little too fast—he was a supple lad—and some of them got their hands on him, so he had little joy of his victory. You know how one thing and another went against us there, and the year that we thought would see old Ireland free only set the tyrant firmer. It didn't last long. There was mismanagement and there was treachery; and those who risked all they had were left with no one to help them. Tom, and several more were sent to Dublin, to take their trial. Ah! but its little justice ever an Irishman got when such as were their judges there were to try them. They set up the plea for Tom that he was a French officer; so he was, and appointed by Humbert, but they wouldn't have it. What did they care about it? He was condemned before they saw him; but it did so happen that they had some evidence against him; for they had the letter that he wrote to his father, and which they stole from poor Mary. Tom, I have heard, stood it all well. It wasn't easy to make him show the white feather anywhere, and to an Englishman least of all. The only request he made was refused—that he might be let see the girl. After that he asked for nothing, and he would have met death like an Irishman. But there was better than that in store for him, and I don't think I would have troubled you with the story at all if it was to end in the death of the gibbet—a common enough death, God knows, for a true Irishman. He was set free on the Emperor's proclamation, and he went to France with Mary and entered the army there. He got a good rank before he died—he was killed at Waterloo, as I believe he would have wished to have been killed, before the battle was lost. I think, in the many great deeds he has done, that the Proclamation was the best ever the Emperor had to point to. He owed it to the men he had deceived, and he owed it to the men who fought for him, even when fighting for liberty. It did good work anyhow, for it cowed the English rascals and saved some lives that belonged still to their country.

You tell me you can't see the Cairn? Well, it's getting too dark now. I'll run you over there any time you wish, and may be I don't know the spot. Good night, sir; no, you needn't thank me, them are times I like to be talking about."

"How is Ireland still enslaved," I asked myself, "if her soil continues to rear such hearts as these?" The tale of that abortive invasion gives the clue to many as dark. Disunited, deceived, betrayed—Alas! poor Erin

"By expectation every day beguiled—
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child."

It is stated on good authority that the Sacramento woolen mills will be rebuilt.

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CARRIAGE Making, Blacksmithing, Wheelwrighting and Painting done in Latest Styles and with Dispatch. Twelve Months Guarantee will be given with all New Work. jy25

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MARTIN CORCORAN, PROPRIETOR.
THIS HOTEL HAS SPLENDIDLY FURNISHED Suits of Rooms for Families, and possesses all the modern improvements usually found in the best Hotels. It is not excelled—if equalled—by any house outside of San Francisco.
A Coach will be at the Depot on the arrival of each train, to convey passengers and their baggage to the Hotel. sept19tf

J. PAINE & BRO.,
Livery, Feed, and Sale Stables,
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OFFICE OF THE U. S. STAGE LINE for the Gilroy Hot Springs. First-Class Rockaways and Buggies. Orders by telegraph promptly attended to. sep19tf

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

[From the Belfast Weekly Examiner.]

FARE THEE WELL

Fare thee well, and, oh, may Heaven
Still benignly smile on thee;
Smoothly be thy vessel driven
O'er the occidental sea.

Lovely maidens will caress thee
On Columbia's shelly strand;
Noble matrons there shall bless thee,
Youthful lovers seek thy hand.

Thou art more than pencil ever
Or the chisel could express;
Youthful bards could fancy never
Such a thing of loveliness.

Peerless is thy every feature;
Less of earth than of the sky:
Soon as thou wert fashioned, Nature
Into atoms broke the die.

Since in Eden's holy places
Gloriously the day-god shone;
Never was beheld his traces
Such a lovely face upon.

From thy seat beneath the willows
Flows no more the 'trancing song;
Air upon its placid billows
Tones so sweet ne'er bore along.

Thou hast left us wrapt in sadness,
Dismal, gloomy, dense, and drear;
To illume one hearth with gladness
Thou hast darkened many here.

Hills and streamy vales are shaded,
Woodland minstrel's song unknown,
Hope's mild-beaming star is faded,
Music, light, and life are gone.

Flitted o'er us hours golden
As the sunbeams after rain,
Ere thou partest from the olden
Land, thou mayest not tread again.

When amid the mazy dance's
Spirit-stirring hurricane,
And upon thee lovers' glances
Fall as thick as summer rain,

Wilt thou think of one then keeping
Tearful vigil for thy sake,
When the moonbeams pale are sleeping
On the mirror of the lake.

And when future years shall find thee
In a galaxy of mirth,
Wilt thou think of some behind thee
In the island of thy birth;

Tread in thought the glen's soft bosom,
To thy sunny girlhood dear,
Where the blossom chases blossom
O'er the stream throughout the year:

Nooks where laughing children played in,
Gemmed by sheets of daisies fair,
Lanes where rosy maidens strayed in,
Fringed with yellow broom; and where

*Gurt-na-Pisha's every fountain
Rushes to the Anner on,
From the vapor-crested mountain—
Heath-empurpled Slievenamon;

Wilt thou think when day is closing,
On the lakelet's ripples sheen,
Of the loved ones then reposing
In the graves of lone Clooneen,

And when treading fields elysian
While the vernal sunbeams fall,
Think such flowers as glad thy vision
Weep upon my grassy pall.

Glastry, August, 1874. DELTA.

*Gurt-na Pisha, the field of peas, at the foot of Slieve namon. Clooneen, the burial-ground there; the littl meadow.

A CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY has just been brought under our observation. At Anner Mills—the residence of Joseph Clibborn, Esq.—near Clonmel, the gardener lately found a strange-looking object suspended from a slender branch of an apple tree. It was nearly spherical: about as large as an ordinary-sized cannon-ball, and was streaked all over with the brightest colors. He soon discovered it was a wasp's nest, but for some time was puzzled to account for its prismatic tints and singular formation. At length the problem was solved. Mr. Clibborn had some time before procured a quantity of long paper "shavings" of different colors—red, blue, green, yellow, and white—which he hung over his strawberry-beds, to protect the fruit from the attacks of birds and insects. A colony of wasps, instead of being "warned off," made frequent visits to these colored streamers, and with singular ingenuity, reducing the paper to pulp, soon carried it away for the construction of their nest, which quickly grew under the united efforts of quite an army of little busy artists. The most wonderful part of their work is the regularity of those undulating lines of color, as they were carried around from side to side. This curious nest has been preserved intact, and it is now an object of much interest and wonder to visitors at Anner Mills. We may mention another remarkable sight to be seen all through the year in this same locality. In a 20-acre field, belonging to Mr. Clibborn, a colony of hares has become established, and it is nothing uncommon to find as many as forty or fifty of them on foot, and racing round in different droves. There they have lived for many years, growing quite tame and apparently enjoying perfect freedom from disturbance or injury.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

A FARMER'S WIFE lately entered a druggist's shop, and handed him two prescriptions to be prepared, one for her husband and the other for her cow. Finding, however, that she had not sufficient cash to pay for both, she took away that for the cow, saying, "To-morrow will do very well for my husband."

A DESERTED DAMSEL struck her lover with a poker, exclaiming with sobs, "You have broken my heart, and I'll break your head, sir."

THE New Haven *Register* relates that an actor at one of the theatres was called out four times in one evening not long ago—twice by a sheriff, once by a tailor, and once by an irresistible desire to imbibe.

A MATTER OF FACT YANKEE.—A Spanish friend asked me the other day, "What if the Spanish fleet should go and bombard New York?" I could not imagine such an absurdity, and told him so.

He then said to a Creole with me, "What would they do in New York if 10,000 Spanish soldiers should land there?"

A Yankee captain, sitting by, said, "If the soldiers behaved themselves they would not be troubled, but if they made any disturbance, they would be put into the station-house.

Newspaper Success.

[Washington Capital.]

The troubles of a financial sort attending the establishment of Theodore Tilton's *Golden Age* contain in them an important lesson for people engaged in starting a new paper. It is generally believed that an able editor, or a staff of able editors, is the one thing requisite after a goodly lump of money. This is a grave mistake. Observation and experience have taught us that the successful journal originates in the counting-room, and the able editor is a subsequent consideration. Let any one appeal to his own recollection in this and we will be well sustained. It is the practical business man, and not the brilliant pen-driver, who builds up a valuable property in a great journal. Sometimes, but rarely, the two are united in one man; and we can account for the many failures and the value of a success in the fact that for one able business man, suited to this work, we will find fifty superb pen-drivers. Bowen, for example, of the *Independent*, looked at from an intellectual point of view, is—well, we regret doing injustice to an honest, useful animal, but Bowen is—an ass; but his business instincts for the pursuit in which he is engaged are perfect. Tilton, on the contrary, is one of the most fascinating journalists in the country. Under Bowen in the *Independent* he strengthened the circulation. When Theodore set up for himself and tried the counting-room he was simply idiotic, and achieved a failure.

Perhaps the most remarkable illustration of our fact came out in John Russell Young. As a journalist, at the head of the editorial department of the *Tribune*, this mere boy was a miracle. In selecting a corps of editors, in feeling the public pulse and catering to the public taste, he was simply amazing in his success. But when he intrigued himself out of that position and undertook to create the *Standard*, his failure was a conspicious warning to gods and man.

Moral—We wish it generally understood that we have nothing whatever to do with the business of the *Capital*. Everything in that line, especially the bills, must be presented to Major J. M. Brown, business manager.

FASTING FOR THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS.—The *Precurseur* of Antwerp gives an account of a man named Van der Veken, who was discovered on the 11th instant stretched insensible on a bed in a garret of that city. He was taken to the hospital, and then gave signs of life, but it was not till the next day that he had strength to speak. Then he asked what day it was, and, on being informed that it was the 12th of August, said, "I have been there these thirty-seven days." A little later he became better able to speak, and, in reply to questions, he informed the doctor that early in July he had been suffering from a spitting of blood. He was alone in his garret, but, expecting that he would get better, and not wishing to trouble anyone, he lay down on the bed. Here, however, he found himself becoming so weak that he could not rise, and though he tapped on the wall no one appeared to have heard him. Near his bed was a pitcher of water, and he was able by means of a small can to get some out of it from time to time Little by little he lost his remaining strength, until he found himself unable to move. He could not speak, and his sight became dim from time to time until all power of vision failed. Still his senses of hearing continued most acute, and he says he could detect the smallest sound, though utterly powerless to articulate a syllable. He is now recovering, and it is expected will, with care, be thoroughly restored.

A CAREER OF CRIME.— A famous Hungarian criminal, Boysa Sandor, has just been condemned to death. Between 1830 and 1840 he committed a series of robberies, but was at last captured, and in 1848 incurred a sentence of punishment, He was pardoned however by Kossuth, and organized a band called Esikose, who as irregulars took part in several battles. After the suppression of the insurrection he relapsed into murder and incendiarism, and was again captured and condemned to death. The Emperor however commuted his sentence to imprisonment, and in 1868 he received his full pardon. He returned, however, to his evil courses, and, as an incorrigible offender, has been a third time sentenced to death, a penalty which will doubtless be now inflicted. His companions have been adjudged to terms of imprisment ranging from 20 years downwards.

FRENCH COMMUNISTS.—An official return of the names and calling of the 3,344 Communist convicts who had arrived in New Caledonia on the 1st of January last, may, perhaps, furnish material for speculation on the connexion of particular occupations with revolutionary opinions. There were 266 laborers, 195 bricklayers, 145 shoemakers, 128 clerks, 95 joiners, 87 locksmiths, 83 housepainters, 67 navvies, 53 engineers, 51 cabinet makers, 43 tilers, 39 cab drivers, 37 tailers, 36 printers, 35 stone masons, 35 carriage makers, 33 labourers, 33 jewelers, 29 carpenters, 29 bakers, 28 wine dealers, 28 plumbers, 27 cooks, 27 hairdressers, 25 blacksmiths, 24 typefounders, 24 fitters, 24 laundrymen, 22 curriers, and 22 waiters.

A SHARK IN THE CHANNEL.—A shark, nine feet in length and of proportionate breadth, was captured in the English Channel, off Fowey, by a coastguard cutter. Commander Moreseaux was fishing from his cutter, when, finding all the hooks and baits being carried away, a heavy hook was baited and let down, and when the prize was hauled up a shark was discovered. The monster fish was got on board with no little difficulty.

JOHN ROACH, the builder of the "City of Peking," is an Irishman by birth, and the *Examiner* congratulates Irishmen that this great ship is Irish built, and Irish manned. So far as Mr. Roach is concerned the claim may be all right, but when the "City of Peking" comes out here, and is fairly in the Chinese trade, we are afraid that the Irish who constitute her crew will be of the kind who wear piptails, and speak pigeon English.—*S. F. Evening Post.*

When they tried to force Miss Gay of Independence, Mo., into a marriage against her will she kicked the ministers hat off, knocked the young man down and rode off on a mule, with one foot each side of him.

A gentleman of mechanical turn of mind took off the gasmeter to repair it himself, and put it up again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with mathematical correctness that the gas company owed him $8 50.

A Judge in South Carolina follows the English fashion, and wears a silk gown going to and from the Court House. He also has the Sheriff precede him with a drawn sword.

A camp meeting will be held on Linden circuit near Linden, commencing September 25th, to continue over two Sundays.

THE FENIAN COUNCIL.

Address of the Central Council of the Fenian Brotherhood to the Citizens of Irish Race in the United States.

CENTRAL OFFICE, 50 Chatham street,
September, 1874.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: The sacred cause of Irish independence is indestructible. No man is worthy of the name of Irishman in whose heart the conviction that our country will eventualy triumph over foreign domination ever dies. Our fathers clung to hope and faith through ages of defeat and disaster and national agony. Shall we, who live in better times—when, in spite of temporary and partial checks, we are able to wring concession after concession from our reluctant enemies—begin to falter and lose courage? Since the blood of those generous martyrs, Robert Emmet and Thomas Russell, sank into Irish earth in 1803, the cause of Ireland has never really retrograded. On the contrary, year after year, slowly, indeed, and amid frequent trial and gloom and suffering, but at the same time surely and steadily, our national life has grown in energy and spirit.

Why, then, should we not arouse and bestir ourselves once more? The highest and most manifest duty of Irishmen is unfulfilled as long as our country remains under the yoke of the stranger. In '65, and again in '67, our cause encountered difficulties and suffered partial checks. Perhaps it was only natural that the temporary disappointment of our high-wrought expectations should cause a certain revulsion of feeling, and sink us more or less in apathy for a time. But this inertness should now quickly pass away. It is irrational to be long discouraged by obstacles and delays such as we have met with. A brave nation is always elastic in adversities, and should spurn and sweep from its path far greater difficulties than any which we have been called on to face.

Besides, if partly vanquished, have we not also been partly victorious in this our latest struggle with our hereditary foe? We have struck down in Ireland certain symbols of conquest, and hoary abuses. Contrary to all expectations, the Church of the minority is disestablished. The Irish tenant-farmer's right to the fruit of his own toil is at last in some degree recognized and secured. Other grievances have been redressed. Is it under such circumstances that our national efforts should relax? Should they not rather be now redoubled? Shall it be said that Irishmen become restive under the restraints of organization and needful discipline? that they lack the patience and endurance requisite for sustaining efforts of heroism? or that they have a bad trick of losing heart and wavering, just at the very time when they should press on for freedom?

In short, the hour has arrived, when (unless we mean to justify our slanderers in their attempts to brand us as a nation destitute of all earnestness and true patriotism) we should wake to fresh and strenuous exertions, and rise and rally round the old standard of our fathers. In the recent Convention of "the Fenian Brotherhood," energetic measures have been adopted for the revival of our glorious struggle. Thus, the chief causes which, during the last three years or so, prevented the Brotherhood from fulfilling its mission, have been already, to a great degree, put an end to, and, we trust, shall, in a short time, have entirely ceased to exist. It can no longer be asserted that the "Fenian Brotherhood" is without widely recognized leaders. The men who, by their sufferings and sacrifices in Ireland's cause, have earned the confience and sympathy of their countrymen all over the world, have not merely joined the ranks of the Brotherhood, but have allowed themselves to be placed in the front, to direct its councils in conjunction with some of the truest and most experienced of the old workers in Fenianism. Immediately steps are to be taken to open up once more, after so long and pernicious an alienation, a fraternal communication with the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood at home; in other words, with "the men in the gap." We have, we think, well-founded hopes of being able speedily to afford them that pecuniary aid which they require to secure the success of our common object. It is also our purpose henceforth to work in harmony with the other Irish national organizations in America. We shall leave no stone unturned to enter into friendly relations with all sincere workers in the Irish cause. We are, indeed, of opinion that a society like "the Fenian Brotherhood" is absolutely necessary for the advancement of the Irish cause in America. But other forms of organization may be needed here likewise. While some patriots may find it more convenient to work for Ireland in the ranks of "the Fenian Brotherhood," a different plan of organization may suit others better. There is "ample room and verge enough" for all existing Irish national organizations to work for the old land without jostling against each other.

At last, then, there is some prospect that the immemorial curse of our race and cause, dissension, is about to pass away. We see to-day in our ancient island, Irishmen, diverse in race and creed, laboring side by side on the same platform for native rule as far as regards the internal concerns of their country. Here, too, it is manifest that earnest efforts are being made to bring about harmony of feeling between the various sections of the Irish National party. The "Exiles," so long misunderstood, at length seem to enjoy the full confidence of all. Should we not begin to feel hope for our cause again? Not the sword of the enemy, but division among ourselves, has kept us from freedom through so many generations and centuries. United we could, at any time, have swept the English into the sea; for even, broken up into fragments as we have ever been, we have again and again put their dominion over us to hazard.

We ask you, then, Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, to unite with the Fenian Brotherhood in the great task of reconstructing the Irish National movement in America. For more than twelve months past unmistakable signs of a revival of Irish National sentiment and feeling have been gradually manifesting themselves both in Ireland and the United States. But zealous and unceasing work and skilful organization are needed to give this new-born spirit consistency and vigor. We intend, at the earliest convenient opportunity, to hold a public meeting in the name of the Fenian Brotherhood and in the interest of our noble cause in New York. On that occasion we shall develop our views more at large than we think it advisable to do in this address. In dealing with the general interests of our cause we shall not forget to call the attention of the public to the wants of the families of those who still languish in British dungeons for Ireland.

But we do not mean to postpone the commencement of our good work till the night of our public meeting, however near that may be. The voice of duty tells us not a moment is to be lost. The necessities of Ireland and her cause brook no delay. We call on every Irishman in New York and elsewhere through the Union, whose soul is alive with the fire of true manhood, to aid in spreading in all directions alike the civil and military branches of our organization. The recent Convention has, we believe, succeeded in thoroughly purifying "the Fenian Brotherhood." The abolition of the great Circle will henceforth preclude all possibility of parties' obtaining, by means of money, control over the organization for sinister purposes. It is also to be borne in mind that the affairs of the "F. B." are now no longer liable to be entangled with the business and machinery, political or financial, of any joint-stock company or establishment. Surely the new Council of the Brotherhood, taught by experience, even by their own mistakes in the past, may hope, should they be fortunate enough to win the hearty co-operation of their countrymen, to restore, in the future, the palmy days of Fenianism; so that the numbers enrolled in our organization may ere long rival the thousands and tens of thousands of '65, '66 and '67.

One word more, and we have done. The past failures of Irish patriots are no just grounds for despondency. Liberty, won slowly and by innumerable toils and sacrifices, and after oft-repeated defeat and disaster, is dearer to those who win it, than liberty too easily achieved. A people will cling to and defend against all odds a freedom for which they have paid the tremendous price that we are paying. It is only sham-patriots and cravens, who want some excuse for not doing their duty, that talk to us of our past failures. "Never venture, never win," is old and true. Brave men never despair; they adventure for their country's liberty again and again. Irishmen, join with us once more for old Ireland, and henceforward let there be neither misgiving nor faltering in our onward career.

THOMAS CLARKE LUBY,
JOHN BARRY,
GEORGE SMITH,
THOMAS FRANCIS BURKE,
JOHN MURPHY,
JOHN LYSAGHT,
JER. O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
WM. MACKEY LOMASNEY,
JOHN D. DRISCOLL,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
} Central Council.

JOHN O'MAHONY, Head Centre.

P. S.—All persons wishing to co-operate with the Council of the Fenian Brotherhood will address John O'Mahony, P. O. Box 3821, New York.

A NEW YORK politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a deceased member of the legislature says: "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

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California Brass Works.

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Opposite Minna, San Francisco. Manufacturers of all kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc and Babbitt Metal Castings. Church and Steamboat Bells on hand and made to order. Also, a full assortment of Steam and Water Cocks and Valves, Hydraulic Pipes, Nozzles and Hose Coupling, Etc. Brass Ship work, Spikes, Sheating Nails, and Rudder Braces.

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Highest market price paid for old Bells, Copper and Brass. jy4-tf.

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Manufacturer of
HYDRAULIC & ARTESIAN WELL PIPE, &c.
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Between Mission and Howard, SAN FRANCISCO.

JOB WORK of all kinds done in the best possible manner. Particular attention paid to Hotel and Restaurant work. Water piping laid and Plumbing work done. Leaky Roofs repaired and smoky Chimneys cured.
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Robert Emmet.

[From the Harp.]

In all Irish history there is no name which touches the Irish heart like that of Robert Emmet. We read, in that eventful record, of men who laid down their lives for Ireland amid the roar and crash of battle, of others who perished by the headman's axe or the halter of the hangman, of others whose eyes were closed for ever in the gloom of English dungeons, and of many whose hearts broke amid the sorrows of involuntary exile; of men, too, who in the great warfare of mind rendered to the Irish cause services no less memorable and glorious. They are neither forgotten or unhonored. The warrior figure of Hugh O'Neil is a familiar vision to Irishmen; Sarsfield expiring on the foreign battle-field with that infinitely noble and pathetic utterance on his lips—"Would that this were for Ireland"—is a cherished remembrance, and the last cry of a patriotic spirit dwells for ever about our hearts. Grattan battling against a corrupt and venal faction, first to win, and then to defend the independence of his country, astonishing friends and foes alike, by the dazzling splendor of his eloquence; and O'Connell on the hill sides pleading for the restoration of Ireland's rights, and rousing his countrymen to a struggle for them, are pictures of which we are proud, memories that will live in song and story while the Irish race has a distinct existence in the world. But in the character of Robert Emmet there was such a rare combination of admirable qualities, and in his history there are so many of the elements of romance, that the man stands before our mental vision as a peculiarly noble and loveable being, with claims upon our sympathies that are absolutely without a parallel. He had youth, talent, social position, a fair share of fortune, and bright prospects for the future on his side when he embarked in the service of a cause that had recently been sunk in defeat and ruin. Courage, genius, enthusiasm were his, high hopes and strong affections, all based upon and sweetened by a nature utterly free from guile. He was an orator and a poet; in the one art he had already achieved distinction, in the other he was certain to take a high place, if he should make that an object of his ambition. He was a true patriot, true soldier, and true lover. If the story of his political life is one full of melancholy interest, and calculated to awaken profound emotions of reverence for his memory, the story of his affections is not less touching. Truly "there's not a line but hath been wept upon." So it is, that of all the heroic men who risked and lost everything for Ireland, none is so frequently remembered, none so thought of tenderly as Robert Emmet. Poetry has cast a halo of light upon the name of the youthful martyr, and some of the sweetest strains of Irish music are consecrated to his memory.

Robert Emmet was born on the 4th of March, 1778. He was the third son of Doctor Robert Emmet, a well known and highly respectable physician of Dublin. Thomas Addis Emmet, the associate of Tone, the Shearses, and other members of the United Irish organization, was an elder brother of Robert, and his senior by some sixteen years. Just about the period when the United Irishmen were forming themselves into a secret revolutionary society, young Emmet was sent to receive his education in Trinity College. There the bent of the lad's political opinions was soon detected, but among his fellow-students he found many, and amongst them older heads than his own, who not only shared his views, but went beyond them in the directions of liberal and democratic principles. In the Historical Society—composed of the *alumni* of the college, and on whose books at this time were many names that subsequently became famous—those kindred spirits made for themselves many opportunities of giving expression to their heart's beats in unison with the great movement for human fredom which was then agitating the world. To their debates Emmet brought the aid of a fine intellect and a fluent utterence, and he soon became the orator of the patriot party.

So great was the effect created by his fervid eloquence and his admirable reasoning, that the heads of the college thought it prudent on several occations to send one of the ablest of their body to take part in their proceedings, and assist in refuting the arguments of the young "Jacobin." And to such extremities did matters proceed at last, that Emmet, with several of his political friends, was expelled the college; others less obnoxious to the authorities were subjected to a severe reprimand, and the society thus terrorised and weakened soon ceased to exist. Our national poet, Thomas Moore, the fellow-student and intimate friend of young Emmet, witnessed many of those displays of his abilities, and in his "Life and death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," speaks of him in terms of the highest admiration. "Were I," he says, "to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." "He was," writes the same authority, "wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion, events afterwards proved." Of his oratory he says, "I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier, or what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence, purer character;" and the appearance of this greatly gifted youth he thus describes: "Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings, and through them his intellect in motion, that he at all rose above the level of ordinary men. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other, than was the same youth to himself before rising to speak and after;—the brow that had appeared inanimate and almost drooping, at once elevating itself to all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired."

The expulsion of Emmet from the college occurred in the month of February, 1798. On the 12th of the following month his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was arrested. The manner in which this noble-hearted gentleman took the oath of the United Irish Society in the year 1795 is so remarkable that we cannot omit mention of it here. His services as a lawyer having been engaged in the defence of some persons who stood charged with having sworn in members to the United Irish organization—the crime for which William Orr was subsequently tried and executed—he, in the course of the proceedings, took up the oath and read it with remarkable deliberation and solemnity. Then taking into his hand the prayer book that lay on the table for the swearing of witnesses, and looking to the Bench and around the Court, he said aloud: "My lords—Here, in the presence of this legal court, this crowded auditory—in the presence of the Being that sees and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal—here, my lords, I, myself, in the prssence of God, declare I take this oath."

The terms of the oath at this time were, in fact, perfectly constitutional, having reference simply to attainment of a due representation of the Irish nation in Parliament—still, the oath was that of a society declared to be illegal, and the administration of it had been made a capital offence. The boldness of the advocate in thus administering it to himself in open Court, appeared to paralize the minds of the judges. They took no notice of the act, and what was even more remarkable, the prisoners, who were convicted, received a lenient sentence.

But to return to Robert Emmet—the events of 1798, as might be supposed, had a powerful effect on the feelings of the enthusiastic young patriot, and he was not free of active participation with the leaders of the movement in Dublin. He was, of course, an object of suspicion to the government, and it appears marvellous that they did not immediately take him into their safe keeping under the provision of the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act. Ere long, however, he found that prudence would counsel his concealment, or his disappearance from the country, and he took his departure for the Continent, where he met with a whole host of Irish refugees; and, in 1802, was joined by his brother and others of the political prisoners who had been released from the confinement to which—in violation of a distinct agreement between them and the government—they had been subjected in Fort George, in Scotland. Their sufferings had not broken their spirit. There was hope still, they thought, for Ireland; great opportunities were about to dawn on that often defeated, but still unconquerable nation, and they applied themselves to the task of preparing the Irish people to take advantage of them.

At home the condition of affairs was not such as to discourage them. The people had not lost heart; the fighting spirit was still rife amongst them. The rebellion had been trampled out, but it had been sustained mainly by a county or two, and it had served to show that a general uprising of the people would be sufficient to sweep every vestige of British power from the land. Then, they had in their favor the exasperation against the government which was caused by that most infamous transaction, the passage of the Act of Union. But they found their chief encouragement in the imminence of another war between France and England. Once more the United Irishmen put themselves into communication with Bonaparte, the First Consul, and again they received flattering promises of assistance. Robert Emmet obtained an interview with that great man, and learned from him that it was his settled purpose on the breaking out of hostilities, which could not long be deferred, to effect an invasion of England. Full of high hopes, Emmet returned to Dublin in 1802; and as he was now in the very heart of a movement for another insurrection, he took every precaution to avoid discovery. He passed under feigned names, and moved about as little as possible. He gathered together the remnants of the United Irish organization, and with some money of his own, added to considerable sums supplied to him by a Mr. Long, a merchant, residing at No. 4 Crow street, and other sympathisers, he commenced the collection of an armament and military stores for his followers. In the month of May, 1803, the expected war between France and England broke out. This event, of course, raised still higher his hopes and gave a great stimulus to his exertions. To and fro he went from one to another of the depots which he had established for the manufacture and storage of arms in various parts of the city, cheering, directing, and assisting his men at their work. Pikes were got ready by the thousand, and ingeniously stowed away until they should be wanted: rockets, hand-grenades and other deadly missiles were carefully prepared; but an accidental explosion, which occurred on the 16th of July, in one of these manufactories situate in Patrick street, was very near leading to the discovery of the entire business, and had the effect of precipitating the outbreak. The government at this time had undoubtedly got on the scent of the movement, and the leaders considered that no time was to be lost in bringing matters to a crisis. Emmet now took up his abode in the Marshalsea Lane depot, snatching his few hours of sleep "on a mattress, surrounded by all the implements of death." There he made a final arrangement of his plans, and communicated his instructions to his subordinates, fixing the 23d of July as the date of the rising.

The history of that unfortunate attempt need not here be written. Suffice it to say that the arrangement miscarried in nearly every particular. The men in the numbers calculated upon did not assemble at the appinted time or in the appointed places, and the whole force that turned out in Thomas street for the attack on the Castle did not number a hundred insurgents. They were joined by a riotous and noisy rabble; and their unfortunate leader soon perceived that his following was, as had previously been said of the king's troops, "formidable to every one but the enemy." They had not proceeded far on their way when a carriage in which were Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, his daughter, and his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe, drove into the street. The vehicle was stopped, and the Chief Justice was immediately piked by a man in the crowd whose son he had some time previously condemned to execution. The clergyman also was pulled out of the carriage and put to death. To the lady no violence was offered, as Emmet himself who had heard of the deplorable tragedy, rushing from the head of his party, bore her in his arms to an adjoining house. No attack on the Castle took place; the insurgent party scattered away and melted away even before the appearance of military on the scene, and in little more than an hour from the time of his setting out on his desperate enterprise, Robert Emmet was a defeated and ruined man, a fugitive, with the whole host of British spies and bloodhounds employed to hunt him to the death.

Yet he might have foiled them and got clear out of the country if his personal safety was all on earth he cared for. But in that noble heart of his there was one passion co-existent with his love of Ireland, and not unworthy of the championship, which forbade his immediate flight. With all the intensity of affection, of which a nature so pure and so ardent as his was capable, he loved a being in every way worthy of him, a lady so gentle and good and fair, that even to a less poetic imagination than his own, she might seem to be a fitting personification of his beloved Erin; and by her he was loved and trusted in return. Who is it that has not heard her name?—who is it that has not mourned over the story of Sarah Curran! In the ruin that had fallen on the hopes and fortunes of the patriotic chief, the happiness of this amiable lady was involved. He would not leave without an interview with her—no! though a thousand deaths should be the penalty. The delay was fatal to his chances of escape. For more than a month he remained in concealment, protected by the fidelity of friends, many of whom belonged to the humbler walks of life, and one of whom in particular—the heroic Anne Devlin from whom neither proffered bribes or cruel tortures could extort a single hint as to his place of abode—should ever be held in grateful remembrance by all Irishmen. At length on the 25th of August, the ill-fated young gentleman was arrested in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harolds's Cross. On the 19th of September he was put on his trial in the Court-house, Green street, charged with high treason. He entered on no defence, beyond making a few remarks in the course of the proceedings with a view to the moral and political justification of his conduct. The jury, without leaving their box, returned a verdict of guilty against him; after which having been asked in due form why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he delivered this memorable speech, every line of which is known and dear to the hearts of the Irish race:

My Lords—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have much to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have that to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice, as to receive the last impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffetted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers by body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophy, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows it has made."

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying—that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild design].

"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the martyred patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all its peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to this country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him."

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court]

"Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction."

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason].

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have always understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if the unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignomy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am a supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dared not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions: and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal: and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or swayed by the purest motives—my country's oppressors, or"—

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law].

[To be continued.]

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WINES AND LIQUORS;

No 515 Front-street, bet. Washington and Jackson. San Francisco.

California Wines Bottled by WHITE MEN Only. jy4tf

P. LYMAN. J. P. RAFFERTY. DAVID GOGGIN.

Lyman, Rafferty & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND

Wholesale Liquor Dealers,

416 Battery street, cor. Merchant, SAN FRANCISCO. jy25tf

M. J. RYAN,

—DEALER IN—

Wines and Liquors,

—AGENT FOR—

Hibernia Brewery,

468 SEVENTH STREET, Between Broadway and Washington street, OAKLAND. my16tf

P. J. TANNIAN,

24 THIRD STREET

Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

ALSO—Superior Brands Old Bourbon Whisky, Old Martel and Sazerac Brandies, Pure Old Scotch and Irish Whiskeys. Also, Pure Holland Gin and Jamaica Rum. de4-tf

J. H. DOUGHERTY

Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

No. 515 California Street

Above Montgomery, next to the California Market jy4tf

T. F. BAINES'

"Celtic Club House,"

1022 MARKET STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth, SAN FRANCISCO.

Always on hand an excellent Stock of Superior

Brandies, Wines, Liquors,

AND HAVANA CIGARS.

my23tf

[From the Commercial Herald.]

MARKET REPORT.

[For the week ending Thursday, Sept. 24th.]

WHEAT—Transactions for the week, so far as made public, aggregate the following, in lots: 15,900 sks extra choice, $1 55: 20,000 sks ditto for export, $1 50: 7,500 sks fair shipping, $1 42½@1 55: 5,000 sks inferior, mixed. $1 37½@$1 40: 1,000 sks poor coast, $1 25@$1 30: closing quotations, $1 50@$1 55 per ctl for good to choice milling.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—New York State Cheese is jobbing at 16@17c; Western reserve, 14@15c. Receipts of Oregon Butter very light, selling at 24@30c, according to quality. Choice Fresh Roll butter has now advanced to 45@50c; Point Reyes, 55c. California keg and pickled Roll is in demand at current rates, say 30@35c for Firkin, and 35@37½c for pickled Roll. Western Reserve is jobbing slowly at 25@30c. the latter for extra choice firkin, with light stocks. California Cheese is in light stock, selling at 11@16c. Fresh California Eggs are firm and scarce at 40@42½c. Eastern are arriving more freely, quotable at 23@27½c in order. 7,000 dozen Oregon just received in good order; quotable at 30c.

BARLEY—Transactions for the week, in lots, embrace the following parcels: 2500 sks bright Bay, 1 12½@1 15; 2000 sks prime Chevalier, 1 65: 2500 sks Coast Feed, in lots, 1 05@1 07½.

OATS—Sales during the week, in lots, aggregate as follows—1500 sks Surprise, 1 55@1 65; 5500 sks heavy, 1 50@1 55; 3500 sks light, 1 40@1 45: 1000 sks inferior, 1 30@1 35 per ctl.

HIDES—The demand is good for Dry, with sales at 19@20c; 26,000 Wet Salted sold at 9c.

POTATOES—The market is well supplied with Cuffy Cove and Pigeon Point, selling at 1 17½@1 20; Half-moon Bay, 1@1 15; Mission, 75c ₱ 100 lbs. Sweets, 1 25@1 37½.

FRUIT—The market is glutted with several varieties We quote as follows. Apples, for cooking purposes 50c@75c ₱ box; choice, $1@1 50. Plums, 1½@2½c ₱ lb. Apricots, 2@5c ₱ lb. Peaches—Crawford, 65@$1 ₱ basket; common, 20@50c. Pears—Bartlett, 75@1 50 ₱ box; Bloodgood, 75@$1 25; cooking, 50@75. Raspberries, 9½c ₱ lb. Blackberries, 3c ₱ lb. Currants, $1 50@2 ₱ chest. Figs, 8c@10c ₱ lb. Crab Apples, 2c ₱ lb. Oranges, Tahiti, $25 ₱ M. Lemons, Sicily, $15@16 ₱ box; Los Angeles, $25@30 ₱ M; Australian, $4 50 ₱ 100. Limes, $8@10 ₱ M. Bananas, $2@4 ₱ bunch. Pine Apples, $5to6 ₱ doz. Cocoanuts, $10 ₱ 100. Watermelons, $7to14 ₱ 100. Cantaleups, $1to2 ₱ dozen. Grapes, Sweetwater, 6cto8c ₱ lb; Black Malvoisie, 12½ to16c; Muscat, 18c; Rose of Peru and Black Hamburg 6to7c. Nectarines, 50to60c ₱ basket. Prunes, 3to4c ₱ lb.

BIRTHS.

EAGAN—In Oakland, September 21st, to the wife of Captain Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., a son.

HUNT—In this city, September 19, to the wife of H. B. Hunt, a daughter.

CONEY—In this city, September 12, to Mrs. A. Coney, a son.

HAGEN—In this city, September 11, to the wife of Andrew Hagen, a son.

BARRETT—In this city, September 18, to the wife of Wm. H. Barrett, a son.

BAIRD—In this city, September 21, to the wife of James M. Baird, a daughter.

MARRIED.

SULLIVAN—WALSH—In this city, September 20, by the Rev. Father Larkin, at St. Patrick's Church, Patrick Sullivan, of San Jose, to Mary I. Walsh of San Francisco.

PHELAN—MYERS—September 7, by the Rev. Father Morrissey, M. J. Phelan, of Oakland, to Theresa Myers, of St. Louis. [St. Louis papers please copy.]

DEATHS.

GALLAN—in this city, September 21st, Catharine Gallan, a native of County Donegal, Ireland, aged 71 years and 6 months.

COCHRAN—In this city, September 19th, Mrs. Mary Cochran, a native of Youghal, County Cork, Ireland, aged 62 years. [Cork (Ireland) papers please copy.]

KELLY—In this city, September 22, John James, youngest son of John and Ann Kelly, a native of San Francisco, aged 10 months.

NOONAN—In this city, September 12, Martin K. Noonan, a native of Kilrush, County Clare, Ireland, aged 65 years.

CRONIN—In this city, September 21st, James, son of Cornelius and Rose Cronin, a native of this city, aged 3 months and 18 days.

WALSH—In this city, September 18, Thomas Walsh, a native of Ireland, aged 35 years.

HOGAN—In this city, September 22, John Hogan, a native of Queen's County, Ireland, aged 43 years. [New York papers please copy.]

McCURRAY—In this city, September 10, Sarah, youngest child of James and Sarah McCurry, a native of San Francisco, aged 5 years and 15 days. [Boston papers please copy.

MORAN—In this city, September 10, James Horan, a native of Ireland, aged 52 years.

GRADY—In Virginia City, September 11, James H. Grady, a native of Tuam, County Galway, Ireland, aged 52 years.

WEST—In this city, September 12, of consumption, Thomas H. Kieranan West, a native of Westmeath, Ireland, aged 30 years, 5 months and 12 days. [New York and Charleston (S. C.) papers please copy.]

TIERNEY—In Berkeley, Alameda County, September 15, William Tierney, a native of County Louth, Ireland, aged 42 years.

CALLAHAN—In this city, September 10, Mary, the beloved daughter of David and Honora Callaghan, aged 14 years, 7 months and 4 days.

HAYES—In this city, September 14, Mary Hayes, a native of Ireland, aged 74 years.

A meeting was held on Tuesday evening at Irish American Hall for the the purpose of discussing the project of establishing an Irish National Hall. Many prominent Irishmen were present and Liberal support was promised. It is proposed to invite Rev. Father Burke to lecture in support of the project. $500 have already been subscribed.

OUR old friends J. P. Leonard and T. F. Pyne have opened an extensive Bottling Establishment at Fifth and Natoma. By a glance at their advertisement in another column it will be seen that they have the best of all kinds of mineral waters, liquors, syrups, etc., for family and individual use.

SCHOOL teachers are wanted in Tehama County.

THE Alameda *Encinal* has entered upon its sixth year.

AN amateur minstrel club, is being organized in Mendocino City.

THERE is talk of establishing a shipyard at San Diego.

JOHN ANDERSON has been appointed Postmaster at Kanawha, Colusa, County.

The San Diego Union, a bright and valuable paper has entered its eighth volume.

THE Local Option law is entirely inoperative in Santa Cruz, where the optionists made their first triumph.

Wood continues to come into San Diego from all directions.

A NEW public road, via the Majave, to Panamint, will shortly be opened by Captain Lane.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

MORRIS Brothers, of Sonoma, make regular shipments of grapes to Omah on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

THERE are now thirteen war vessels lying in the bay between Vallejo and Mare Island, carrying an aggregate of 116 guns.

MISS RACHEL NORTON, of Berryessa valley, aged fifteen years, shot and killed a deer near her father's house last week.

THE Storey County Democratic Convention met at Virginia Monday. The legistive nominees were pledged to T.H. Williams for Senator.

A rich and beautiful cabinet of minerals from the mines in Utah has been sent to the female college at Delaware, Ohio, by Ann Eliza Young. Miss Ince appeared at the Sacramento Theater on Monday in the "Hunchback." supported by Edmonds, Crosbie, Billings and others.

THE official count for Montana gives Hedges, Republican candidate for Delegate to Congress, 3,529 votes, and Maginnis, Democrat, 4,584. Democratic majority, 1,055.

THE Presbyterian Church building in Napa is for sale, and the *Register* suggests that it would be a paying speculation to any one who would buy it and turn it into a theater.

AT San Jose, Monday, the Franklin House, occupied as a boarding-house by Dennis Creedon, and owned by Dr. Vandenburgh of this city, was destroyed by fire. Insured for $1,500.

AT a meeting of the Sacramento Pioneers on Saturday, it was voted—31 to 15—to pay over to the San Francisco society $209, received for tickets for the "Great Republic" excurtion.

AT Astoria, on Wednesday last, the steamers "Emma Hayward" and "Beaver" collided, causing $2,000 damage to the "Beaver" and consderable damage to the "Hayward" and the "Middlesex."

UTAH has five narrow-gauge railroads, four of which are in operation, and the fifth will be open on the 1st of November. Salt Lake City is now the greatest narrow-gauge railroad center.

FOUR fires were started by incendiaries at Helena, Montana, on Sunday night, but owing to prompt discovery and the effects of a heavy rain just previous, they were extinguished with little damage.

HENRY S. MADDOX, an old pioneer, and Recorder of Butte county five years ago, committed suicide at Forbestown, Sunday night, by cutting his throat, after retiring. The cause was temporary insanity. He leaves a family.

THE Grangers ot Yolo county propose to construct a narrow gauge railroad to connect the the wheat-growing plains of the Western portion of the county with the Sacramento river. The points to be united are Capay valley and Elkhorn Landing.

D. J. HOLDEN, of Wheatland has taken the contract for laying the iron on the Colfax and Grass Valley Railroad.

THE shipment of gold bars by express from Nevada during last week was the largest for any similar length of time during the last ten years.

THE Consolidated Tobacco Company of Gilroy, shipped 19,524 pounds of cigars and tobacco during August, direct to New York.

COLONEL BAKER last week sold his claim at Gardner's Point, near Port Wine, Sierra County to San Francisco parties, for $13,000.

THE State Grange will meet in Sacramento every day and evening during the week, under the direction of Grand Master J. M. Hamilton.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dunbar's Wonderful Discovery.

BETHESDA

MINERAL SPRING WATER

Of Waukesha, Wis.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.—SNATCHED FROM THE grave by the use of Bethesda Water alone. Read the following from P. LINNEHAN, a member of the St. Joseph's Benevolent Society, who was given up to die:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 21, 1871.

MESSRS. DUNBAR & HENDRY, 230 Sutter street, city—Dear Sir: Allow me to give you the facts in regard to my miraculous cure of Bright's disease and dropsy, from drinking Bethesda Water. Some three months before commencing the use of Bethesda Water I was taken ill, confined to my bed with Bright's disease of the kidneys and dropsy. I continued to grow from bad to worse, until finally my physicians told me point-blank they could do nothing for me, at the same time stating I could not live over three or four days, as it was the worst case of dropsy and Bright's disease they had ever seen, and so reported the case to the Society. I accidently heard the next day, through a friend, of a gentleman who was cured of Bright's disease from drinking Bethesda Water. I immediately sent my daughter to your office to get some, which she did, and I commenced drinking it at once. At the end of the first week I was a little better; but at the end of the second week I had improved so much as to be able to dress myself, and went out and got shaved—it being the first time I had been out for over three months. Have improved every day since, until now I feel that my health is restored.—Most gratefully, yours, F. LINNEHAN, 211 Tehama street. sep19tf

Ninth Industrial Exhibition!

Held under the auspices of the

MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE

IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC,

COR. EIGHTH AND MISSION STREETS.

The musical Exercises are under the immediate direction of Professor GEORGE T. EVANS, assisted by Professor W. Elliot.

The Art Department is under the arrangement of the San Francisco Art Association.

The Horticultural Department is under the charge of the Bay District Horticultural Society, and is one of the most pleasing features of the Exhibition.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Season Tickets, admitting gentleman and lady....$5 00
Season Tickets, admitting one person..... 3 00
Season Tickets, admitting Juvenile under 14 yrs... 1 50
☞ The above Tickets are not transferrable.
Single Admission.....50 cents
Children under 14 years.....25 cents

Tickets can be obtained from any of the Managers, at the Mechanics Institute, 27 Post street, and at the principal Music and Drug Stores.

A. S. HALLIDIE, President.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

THIS CELEBRATED AND MOST DELICIOUS OLD mellow spirit is the very CREAM of IRISH WHISKIES, in quality unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and the Cork branded "KINAHAN'S . LL . WHISKEY."

Just Received, ex Niagara, from London:

10 QUARTER CASKS,
50 CASES.

For Sale in Bond or Duty Paid by

RICHARDS & HARRISON.

sep19tf

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED,

—AT—

J. C. TALBOT & CO.'S.

50 Cases Dress Goods, from 10 to 50 cents a yard.
15 Cases of Dress Goods, from 25 to 65 cents a yard.
3 Cases of Dress Goods, Diagonal Melange.
5 Cases of Dress Goods, New Camels-Hair Cloth.
3 Cases of Black Empress.
2 Cases of Black French Cashmere.
1 Case of Black Drap d'Ete.
1 Case of Black Alpacas.
1 Case of Black Foulards.
20 Pieces Black Silk, at $1 25.
22 Pieces Black Silk, at $1 50.
15 Pieces Black Silk, at $2 00.
10 Pieces Black Silk, at $2 25.

GLOVES

FOR THE MILLION

....AND....

A Million Gloves too.

ALEXANDER'S

2-Button Gloves at

$1 per Pair, Warranted.

ALL COLORS AND BLACK.

Jouvin Light Color Gloves.

$1 per Pair, worth $1 75.

1,000 Silk Scarfs, at 75 cents, worth $1.
1,000 Silk Scarfs, at $1; handsome.
1,000 Dozen Ladies' Hdkfs, at 25 cents each.
1,000 Dozen Ladies' Leather Belts, from 10 to 50 cents, New Styles.

THE BALANCE OF OUR

LACE SCARFS AND SASHES

At 25 per cent. Less Than Cost.

1,000 Dozen

BALMORAL SKIRTS,

At $1 25 each, worth $2 50.

SHAWLS

FOR THE MILLION,

And a Million Shawls Too

AT HALF PRICE.

1,000 Dozen Striped Hose, 25 cents.
1,000 Dozen Striped Hose, 37½ cents.
1,000 Dozen Striped Hose, 40 cents.

HOSE

For the Million, and

A MILLION PAIRS TOO,

At Half Price.

Ladies, now is the time to buy cheap DRY GOODS, and J. C. TALBOT'S is the Store to get Good Bargains.

By Order of

J. C. TALBOT & CO.

28 Kearny Street.
28 Kearny Street.
28 Kearny Street.

au22tf

IMPORTATION DIRECT.

M. SHORT,

PIONEER TAILOR,

Commercial Street - - - Corner of Leidesdorff.

☞ The FINEST GOODS ever introduced into this market, including

MELTONS, CAMBRIDGE,
CHEVIOTS, NAPIER,
OXFORD, WITNEYS,
RAGLANS, WEST TWILLS,
Etc....Etc....Etc.
... ALSO....

A Large Assortment of Genuine Irish Friezes.

Being the NEWEST FASHIONS, both in material and colors, which he now offers at prices which Cannot be touched by any other house in the City.

An inspection of THIS SPLENDID STOCK Is respectfully invited. A perfect fit guaranteed

Remember my Prices to Order are—

Pants.....$ 6 00
Business Suits.....25 00
Beaver Suits.....35 00
Finest French Beaver Suits.....50 00

M. SHORT,

527 Commercial St.....San Francisco

ap11tf

M. F. WALSH,

THE WINDSOR SHOE STORE

9051-2 Market Street,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Having a large lot of Goods on the way from the East, and not having room for them, will make A CLEARANCE SALE, FOR 40 DAYS, OF ALL THE GOODS IN HIS STORE FOR CASH.

At Lower Prices than the same Goods were ever sold in this City. It would be well for parties coming from the Country to give a call, as this is a RELIABLE BOOT STORE—you will always find our dealings strict and to the point. Parcels sent to any part of the City. Having a large assortment of SOLLER'S AND DUNBAR'S PHILADELPHIA CHILDREN'S AND INFANT'S SHOES,

The Best in the market, the public will save time and money by making their purchases at

The Windsor Boot and Shoe Store, 905½ MARKET ST., between 5th and 6th streets.

M. F. Walsh, Proprietor.

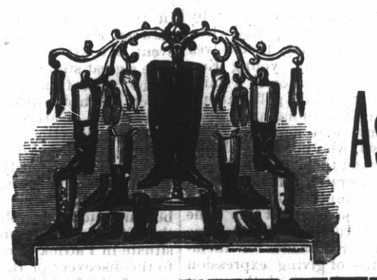
je20tf

GRAND SALE

—OF—

BOOTS AND SHOES

—AT THE—



California Association

19 THIRD STREET. 19

Second Shoe Store from Market.

The Trustees have taken these premises for the sale of all kinds of Boots and Shoes of their own manufacture. They have, up to now, manufactured only for the wholesale trade, and are now willing to introduce to the public a new feature in business, which is to sell to them every single pair of Boots and Shoes for Cash only, at strictly the same price as they have heretofore sold them by the shipload to dealers, prefering this method to trusting their goods to wholesalers. And in order to give satisfaction to all buyers, they warrant their goods to give good wear, and will at any time repair them free of charge in case of failure.

It is their object to do a large trade, and they think that this method of doing business must attract attention with everyone. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock and prices.

Respectfully, THE MANAGER.

au15tf

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.

Jackson Michigan Wagon,

The largest assortment on this coast now in store and for sale very low—all Wagons warranted for two years.

J. D. ARTHUR & SON.

Corner of California and Davis Streets, San Francisco. jy4-tf

J. DUNNE,

Horse Shoer and Wagon MANUFACTURER,

817 Market t., bet. Fourth and Fifth. San Francisco.

Agricultural Wagons, Carts, Drays, etc., of all kinds substantially made and neatly repaired Horse-shoeing promptly attended to. je27tf

DONOHUE & CO.,

Horse Shoers,

NO. 8 EVERETT STREET,

Near Third Street.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Horse Shoeing Done with Neatness and Dispatch. mh14tf

FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGES

For Hire.

Richard Dowling.....Proprietor

Stand, corner Market and Ellis streets.

Horses, Carriages, and Buggies for hire at the most reasonable rates.

No. 610 Howard street, between Second and New Montgomery, San Francisco. my24-tf

LEVY & LEVITZKY,

Real Estate and Loan Agents,

306 MONTGOMERY STREET.

PARTIES HAVING IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED property, and desirous to sell the same, will find ready purchasers at fair prices by leaving it at our office. Loans on Real Estate made at the lowest market rate; full charge taken of Real Estate for parties at reasonable commission; rent collected and taxes paid. Give us a call. LEVY & LEVITZKY.

sep12-1y 306 Montgomery st.

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

HENRY BRADER,

621 Sansome street,

Wholesale Liquor Store.

Agent for the PURE PORTLAND OREGON APPLE CIDER, in Bulk or Bottles.

Also, importer and agent of FINE BOURBON WHISKEY. sep19-6m

THOMAS O'NEIL,

Dealer in Foreign and Domestic

Wines and Liquors,

Southeast Cor. Washington and Seventh Streets, Oakland.

Agent for Wm. Woodward's Wines and Brandies and Diamond O. K. Whisky. [my16-tf

South Park Market,

432 THIRD STREET,

Bet. Silver and Perry, SAN FRANCISCO.

LAWRENCE GARVIN & CO.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Fresh, Salted and Smoked Meats,

Lard, Sausage, Poultry, Game and Fish.

ALSO, ALL VEGETABLES IN SEASON.

je20tf

P. T. Flynn & Son,

Dealers in

Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc. Corner Howard and Eighth streets, San Francisco. jy4-tf

P. HARTIGAN,

Wholesale & Retail Grocer,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS FRIENDS and the public that he is prepared to furnish them with Groceries, Teas, Hams, etc., and the Finest Brands of Wines and Liquors, at greatly reduced prices.

☞ Goods delivered free to all parts of the city. ☜

GIVE US A CALL BEFORE GOING ELSE WHERE.

P. HARTICAN,

164 First street, Corner Howard (Opposite Gas Works.)

Also, N. E. Cor. 12th and Folsom (Opposite the City Gardens.) [de13-tf